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EDITORIAL

THE JACKSON FACTOR

While national attention is riveted on the tedious weekly primary battles and the running body count of delegates pledged to Mondale or Hart, the enormous political changes wrought by the Jackson campaign go largely unexamined. After the New York primary last week, however, Jackson's impact must be taken seriously—not so much in the Presidential sweepstakes as at the state and local levels, where a new and potent force is being forged.

Few hues have been added to the basic black of Jackson's rainbow strategy, and his continuing clumsiness in handling the "Hymie" issue (his refusal clearly to denounce his supporter Louis Farrakhan for his threat against the reporter who disclosed the "Hymietown" remark) makes his job more difficult. Nonetheless, in New York, Jackson's campaign registered hundreds of thousands of voters, and got them to the polls. What's more, Jackson supporters see themselves as members of a movement. In New York City they talk eagerly about the next step—dumping Mayor Ed Koch in 1985.

At that level, other colors may join the rainbow. Koch has infuriated not only blacks; he has alienated Hispanics, Asian-Americans, unionists, environmentalists and tenants. Separately they could not beat him; but in concert, with an energized, enlarged and organized black movement, a progressive coalition could succeed.

The Jackson campaign has developed similar political bases all over the country: in rural Alabama, for instance, and in the smaller urban centers up North. Jackson himself cannot bring the full Rainbow Coalition into being; it is the nature of coalitions that each component must find its own strength before the common cause is joined. But Jackson has made more than a good start, and his effort enlivens an otherwise ordinary electoral season.

CONTRA TIME AT 'THE POST'
Alexander Cockburn

SILENCING ROY MEDVEDEV
Stephen F. Cohen

DEMOCRATS ON NATIONAL SECURITY
Michael T. Klare

WOMEN WARRIORS
Karen Rosenberg

WALT WHITMAN
Lewis Hyde

THE CULTURE WARS

HARD RIGHT RUDDER AT THE N.E.H.

JOHN S. FRIEDMAN AND ERIC NADLER

In the fall of 1981, Ronald Reagan read an article in the ultraconservative journal *Human Events* attacking the "leftist" policies of Joseph Duffey, chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities.

"Get rid of this guy," Reagan reportedly told his staff. A few weeks later, the White House appointed William J. Bennett to succeed Duffey.

A disaffected Democrat who had supported Reagan in 1980, Bennett was director of the National Humanities Center, a research institute in North Carolina. Now a strong neoconservative—his nomination was pushed by Irving Kristol—Bennett is point man in the Reagan Administration's war of ideas.

Duffey earned the enmity of conservatives by increasing Federal support for women's, minority, labor and ethnic studies, and for avant-garde scholarly fields such as semiotics. Bennett, on the other hand, has emphasized the classics and has sought to carry out the recommendation of a 1981 Heritage Foundation report (which he had helped prepare) that the N.E.H. "extricate itself and the humanities from the buffeting of popular forces."

When liberal Democrats dominated the agency, they tended to support projects they agreed with, so it should come as no great surprise that conservative Republicans do the same. Indeed, the endowment has been used by both sides as a weapon in the culture wars. But a study of Bennett's methods and policies, based in part on confidential reports, shows he has politicized the grants process to an unprecedented degree.

(*Continued on Page 448*)

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LETTERS.

A 'ROMANTICIZED' VIEW

Los Angeles

I was appalled by Robert Ross's March 10 article, "West Bank 'Facts' Are Hitting Home." I find it ironic that *The Nation*, which supposedly supports progressive views, should come forth with a romanticization of Israeli settlers' "grim fight for survival" on the West Bank. After the 1982 Israeli invasion of Lebanon and the subsequent massacres at Sabra and Shatila, in which the Israeli role has clearly been demonstrated, the mainstream media for the most part stopped portraying Israel as a nation on the verge of being destroyed by its enemies. Furthermore, Ross's conclusion that terrorist acts by Palestinians should be curtailed and that the P.L.O. should recognize Israel so that Israel can begin bargaining over the occupied territories is a joke. It is common knowledge, even in the mainstream press, that acts of terror against Palestinian civilians on the West Bank are carried out daily by the Israeli Army and by Jewish settlers, and that the present goal of the Israeli settlement policy is to drive out every last Palestinian. P.L.O. recognition of Israel would be meaningless. Israel has no intention of negotiating with the P.L.O. . . . *Laura Hayes*

LOOKING FOR PALESTINE

Rochester

Evidently, Robert Ross believes that "Judea" and "Samaria" exist. I wonder how he would explain their absence from any map since the dawn of cartography. Evidently Ross also believes that there is a national entity known as the "West Bank": he refers to it repeatedly. Curiously, Ross appears unaware that there is a Palestine, since he avoids mentioning it altogether in his report.

Let me offer Ross some facts. There is not a single individual alive today who was born a Judean or a Samarian, or who was born into a Judean or Samarian family. There are, however, at least 4 million people who, asked their nationality, reply that they are Palestinian—and are so acknowledged by the world. That there is a Palestine is therefore embedded not only in historical, literary and cartographic documentation through the ages but, more important, in the consciousness of those 4 million Palestinians.

Mitchell Kaidy

NO ACCOMMODATION

Livingston, N.J.

Robert Ross's slanted reportage of the domestic situation in the Middle East's only democracy drips with venom, which some might be so bold as to call classic anti-Semitism. The religious political minority, he says, is "clever" and "cynical," "selling" their votes in order to "wangle" support for their programs. How else does a parliamentary minority act to gain influence in a democracy? I don't hear Ross criticizing the wheeling and dealing of parliamentary minorities in Europe. Is it because he disagrees with the particular programs of Israel's religious parties? Perhaps he is forgetting that Israel was created as a Jewish state, not a secular state. The adoption of any part of the religious parties' agenda—for instance, on such matters as the education of Jewish children in Israel—is of no concern to Ross; certainly it should be no greater than my concern about how Catholics are educated in Spain or Italy, or Hindus in India. . . .

Ross implies that the acts of "Jewish extremists," led by Rabbi Meir Kahane, are somehow government sanctioned. That is libel. He fails to mention that those Jews who commit terrorist acts are a minuscule and reviled minority, that they are hunted down and prosecuted by the authorities.

Ross chides Israel's Jews for their "bunker mentality." No small wonder, considering children growing up on farms in the Galilee were forced to spend their nights in shelters to avoid the indiscriminate shelling from Syrian and P.L.O. gunners. What other country's children have to endure such a life, while people like Ross run around filling the vacuum of worldwide condemnation with their distorted apologia for anti-Zionism?

He mentions *en passant* the bombing of a bus in Jerusalem while he was there, which killed or maimed nearly fifty people (including many children). Why does he studiously avoid mentioning that *all* factions of the P.L.O. (Arafat *and* his opposition) paused in their mutual destruction of Lebanon's historic city of Tripoli long enough to applaud and claim credit for that monstrous act? Those are the people, unswerving in their thirty-six-year pledge to destroy the Jewish state, whom Ross says Israel should "accommodate" in negotiations. Who is he kidding? *Peter A. Berkowsky*

ROSS REPLIES

Worcester, Mass.

Each of these letters, in precise counterpoint to one another, demonstrates a mentality that is part of the problem.

Laura Hayes is "appalled" that I "romanticize" West Bank settlers—so appalled that she cannot read. I described West Bank settlers as affluent, perhaps opportunistic suburbanites and as religious extremists—hardly romantic images.

Hayes's statement that it is "meaningless" or a "joke" for P.L.O. activists to reconsider their tactics is beneath contempt. First, Arafat (contrary to Israeli contentions) is more or less committed to a diplomatic path and almost lost his life because of it. Second, even within Hayes's narrow ambit of consideration the challenge I lay down is this: What has the P.L.O. won with attacks on buses and schools? Surely, partisans like Hayes should be willing to subject their "hard" line to the test of accomplishment. And let the test be a stern one: How can a Palestinian state become a reality? Will more bombs in Jerusalem shops make progress toward that goal?

Mitchell Kaidy also wants his catechism repeated just so. Not enough to refer to "Palestinians"; not enough to call upon the Israelis to negotiate with the P.L.O. I must say the words just so: The West Bank is part of Palestine. There, Kaidy. What is thus gained?

And now to Peter Berkowsky, whose letter is, in some ways, the most offensive. One is deeply tired of bigots who charge anti-Semitism every time an Israeli failing is analyzed. The contention is not worthy of discussion. I note only the perfect symmetry of Berkowsky and Hayes: neither believes in the brotherhood of sufferers.

Berkowsky also criticizes me for implying that the Israeli government sanctions terror against Arabs. In the article I explicitly state that the government rejects the policy of forced emigration. Contrary to Berkowsky, however, Jewish terrorists have not been found in a number of prominent cases.

Berkowsky would trade rockets with me; I mention rockets in a town (Qiryat Shemona), he mentions farms. But he gets the P.L.O. birthday wrong: not 1948, much later. No matter, the decision to negotiate is not a declaration of love or admiration. I must be kidding, he says, to favor accommodation. I suggest the same test as the one I posed to Hayes: Would an indefinite future of bombings and shootings be preferable?

Each of these correspondents self-righteously demands loyalty to a narrow formula. Not one cares for the substance of a policy discussion—the contradiction inherent in Israeli settlement and development policy—unless it fits his or her dogma. Rather than commit their mistake, I prefer to say: Accommodation is possible. Two states can live on that land. *Robert Ross*

CLARIFICATION

Christopher Hitchens's March 24 "Minority Report" refers to Max Hugel's "insider trading activities and conflicts of interest." Hugel, the former head of the C.I.A.'s covert operations, resigned his position amid questioning of his business practices and allegations that he had participated in fraudulent securities transactions. It should have been noted that Hugel denies the allegations and has never been charged with such conduct by any state or Federal agency.

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EDITORIALS.

Locking the Files

The steady erosion of the Freedom of Information Act continues to disfigure the internal security landscape in the Reagan era. On April 11, the House Intelligence Committee began a public markup of an Administration bill that would largely exempt Central Intelligence Agency "operational files" from public scrutiny under the F.O.I.A. [see Angus Mackenzie, "The Operational Files Exemption," *The Nation,* S 1983]. Later this month, the House Governm Subcommittee on Information will consi bodies are expected to make only mino then the bill will go to the floor for a already approved the exemption. F passage in the House and resol House-Senate conference, Pres final bill. Then hundreds of th one knows the extent of the materia

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domestic and foreign programs of disinformation, surveillance, recruitment of informers, subversion and assassination will be officially and irrevocably closed to press and public.

It is not that C.I.A. files have been easily pried open in the past. All the agency's files that relate to national security matters or that might reveal confidential sources or investigative techniques are exempt from F.O.I.A. requests. Civil libertarians who support the exemption say that operational files contain only unreleasable material and so the bill's passage will not reduce the current flow of information. But the blanket exemption would preclude many of the kinds of suits journalists and researchers now bring against the C.I.A. in Federal court for relevant papers. Those suits force the agency to justify its claims when national security is invoked; judges then review the raw files in their chambers and decide whether the documents should be released. The C.I.A. has not lost a single such suit in eighteen years, but even the possibility that a rogue judge could rule against the agency worries the spymasters enough to press for the exemption.

Even suits pending in Federal courts may be removed from judicial review by the Senate's version of the law. Last year, Democratic Senator Patrick J. Leahy of Vermont, a member of the Senate Intelligence Committee, asked the C.I.A. which of the sixty-odd suits then in litigation might be dismissed if the exemption passed. The agency specified twelve that "may be affected," and Angus Mackenzie, of the Center for Investigative Reporting, obtained a list of them for *The Nation.** It includes the following:

§ Glen L. Roberts, owner of a computer software company and publisher of a newsletter that provides "a fresh outlook on government arrogance," requested C.I.A. files on David S. Dodge, former acting president of the American University of Beirut, who was kidnapped in Lebanon in July 1982 and was subsequently released.

§ The Center for National Security Studies, an A.C.L.U. affiliate, initiated two suits. The first seeks information about the C.I.A.'s covert operations in Central America, including details of its involvement in El Salvador's March 1982 election. The second is an omnibus suit covering a wide range of center requests under the F.O.I.A. that the C.I.A., in effect, simply ignored. One request relates to the agency's files on its domestic operations against various organizations and publications. In response to the suit, the C.I.A. released some documents on the Students for a Democratic Society, the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, various bookstores which carry radical reading material, left-wing newspapers, an antiwar convention held in 1972 at the University of California and Pacific News Service. The center ntinues to press for more documents, but the C.I.A. oes to get the suit dismissed under the exemption.

J. Gary Shaw of Cleburne, Texas, is trying to get A. files on suspects in the John F. Kennedy assassina- ase, including right-wing French terrorists reported to been in Dallas on November 22, 1963.

nry Hurt, a *Reader's Digest* writer, is researching involvement in the case of a Soviet defector, Nicholas George Shadrin, who disappeared in Vienna on December 20, 1975, and is presumed dead—the victim of a botched double-agent masquerade.

§ A suit is pending against the C.I.A. for files on the agency's infiltration of the underground, dissident and left-wing press in the United States. Publications believed to have been targeted include *Ramparts*, *Quicksilver Times* (both defunct) and the New York City-based *Guardian*.

On March 15, Representative Romano Mazzoli and others introduced a bill (H.R. 5164) to permit all suits filed before February 7 to continue. Even if the ongoing suits are saved, they serve as examples of what would be thrown out of court under the exemption.

In many cases, the C.I.A. has released some files, apparently in an attempt to head off unfavorable judicial rulings. Sometimes the agency simply stonewalls. In one of the most egregious cases of official obstinacy, the C.I.A. has refused to release a single page of some 180,000 documents on the Guatemala coup of 1954, by which the agency overthrew the elected government of Jacobo Arbenz Guzmán and installed a right-wing regime whose successors rule to this day.

Writer Stephen Schlesinger, who with Stephen Kinzer published a thorough study of the coup in a 1982 book, *Bitter Fruit*, sued the C.I.A. for its files on the events. Recently his request was denied by the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia. Judge Thomas Flannery held that disclosure would be "risking damage to American foreign relations . . . particularly in Central America at this time in light of the delicate political situation." No doubt he was referring to U.S. covert operations against the Nicaraguan government, which are distressingly similar to those carried out by the C.I.A. in Guatemala thirty years ago.

What is in the mountains of C.I.A. operational files is not just of academic or historic interest. Much of it is still pertinent to dirty tricks and drastic practices in progress today. No one claims it will be easy to scotch such schemes, but when the press, the public and independent political forces have access to intelligence information, they are better able to prevent history from being repeated.

e's research was partially funded by a grant from the Fund for Journalism.

Hunger in Africa

Last month the Reagan Administration attached a controversial military appropriations bill for Central America to a popular measure for emergency food aid to Africa. Because of that cynical maneuver thousands on that continent continue to die, victims of the worst drought there in recent memory.

Emergency food aid for Africa has strong bipartisan support. In January, Republican Senator John Danforth visited an area in southern Mozambique that is suffering terrible famine. His group saw skeletons of cattle lying where they had died in dry basins that had once been small lakes. Refugees from interior regions of the country had fled to the coast, although there was little more to eat there than leaves and roots. A U.S. Air Force doctor with Danforth's group predicted many children would die unless help arrived quick-

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ly. An estimated 700,000 Mozambicans faced starvation at the time, and the number is climbing. But as of April 1, the response has fallen short of the need.

Mozambique is only one of the twenty-four countries ravaged by the drought, whose effects are far more widespread than were those of the Sahelian drought in the early 1970s. Hunger has stalked across the continent from Senegal to Ethiopia and all the way down the east coast to Mozambique. Its devastation received little publicity here, in contrast to Europe, where there have been outpourings of public concern and assistance. Now that Danforth's investigations have alerted Americans to the tragedy, they should demand that the government act.

The U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization estimated in early January that the afflicted countries needed 1.6 million metric tons of emergency food aid, 700,000 of which had to be delivered by the end of March to forestall even worse starvation. The cost of the total shipment would be between $500 million and $600 million, far more than private charities can afford. Catholic Relief Services, probably the largest American organization working in Africa, has doubled its aid to $25 million—a welcome amount but only a beginning. The government must step in.

Traditionally, the United States has responded to disasters in other parts of the world by providing about half the emergency food aid required. The Reagan Administration first offered $90 million, less than 20 percent of the amount called for by the F.A.O. A bipartisan coalition in the House raised that figure to $150 million and swiftly sent the bill to the Senate. Until Reagan's callous maneuver, there was every reason to believe that the legislation would be enacted immediately. Senator Danforth was able to salvage the original $90 million, but the additional $60 million is still tied up in Congress with the Central America appropriations.

Catholic Relief Services asked their workers in Africa to estimate how many children would die if the aid did not arrive by June. The figures are chilling: Mozambique, 40,000; Ghana, 15,000; Mauritania, 14,000; Lesotho, 3,000; and so on throughout the continent. But this grim accounting need not be final—the United States must respond with its usual generosity.

Secret Calumny

Asunción, Paraguay

The regime of Gen. Alfredo Stroessner has used a secret report prepared by an agency of the U.S. government to smear one of Paraguay's leading opposition parties. In February the Ministry of the Interior released a list of "Terrorist Groups Responsible for Hostage Seizures," which was compiled by the State Department's Office for Combatting Terrorism. Among the groups named is the Popular Colorado Movement (Mopoco). The ministry cited the list as "proof" of the organization's "extremism" and "violent attitudes."

Mopoco leaders vehemently deny the charge, and many Paraguayans find it bizarre, since only two kidnappings for ransom have occurred in Paraguay since Stroessner became dictator thirty years ago. What's more, both of those have been attributed to members of the police. Leaders of the official Colorado Party (of which Mopoco is a dissident offshoot) are also skeptical. Juan José Benítez Rickman, a party official, theorized that the erroneous information came from inexperienced Central Intelligence Agency operatives in Paraguay. "They use such young guys," he said. "What do you expect?"

U.S. Ambassador Arthur Davis at first denied any knowledge of the list but a month later issued a statement confirming that the document was authentic. In a lame attempt at explanation he called attention to a paragraph in the document preceding the list:

> The list contains the names of organizations responsible either by claim or attribution for specific hostage seizures. . . . Certain of the claims of responsibility are probably false.

When pressed, a U.S. Embassy spokesman said, "We have no reason for believing Mopoco is a terrorist organization."

Mopoco leaders charge, however, that the regime will use the document as a pretext for a crackdown. The party was banned for twenty-five years, and last December its leaders were permitted to return from exile in Argentina. They have been under heavy police surveillance ever since, and the government-controlled press regularly accuses them of being extremists. Thus, they regard the latest incident with understandable trepidation. "To be called a terrorist in Paraguay puts one in serious physical as well as political danger," Mopoco president Miguel Gonzáles Casabianca told me. "We are all living under conditional liberty here, but the document provides a strong argument for justifying repression against us."

Two years ago, the regime released to the press another secret State Department report in answer to critics of its deportation of Paraguay's leading writer, Augusto Roa Bastos, as a Communist. Roa Bastos denied that he had visited Cuba as that document alleged. Opposition legislators at the time criticized the U.S. government for interfering in Paraguay's internal affairs.

Fearing his arrest is imminent, Gonzáles Casabianca commented: "Evidently, the Stroessner regime finds it quite easy to cover itself using U.S. documents of this nature. It is alarming to us to think that false information is being introduced into state agencies and that the embassy does nothing to clarify the matter."

PATRICIA PITTMAN

Patricia Pittman is a freelance writer based in Buenos Aires.

GOING AWAY FOR THE SUMMER?

If you would like *The Nation* to follow you, please let us know your plans at least 6 to 8 weeks in advance. We need your current address, temporary address and the dates of your departure and return. Please send the information to *The Nation*, Temporary Address Change, Box 1953, Marion, Ohio 43305.

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Contras at 'The Post'

You can't break the mold. The newspapers go on talking about Duarte "the moderate" and d'Aubuisson the man who "has been linked to the death squads." Then they talk about the terrorism of left and right alike. What does it take? Duarte headed the Salvadoran government through years of hideous terror. D'Aubuisson has been identified beyond all doubt as the man who ordered the assassination of Archbishop Oscar Romero. A Salvadoran official, Roberto Santiváñez, has recounted in detail d'Aubuisson's organizing of death squads. The same official has identified the Salvadoran—Col. Oscar Edgardo Casanova—who ordered the murder of the four American churchwomen in 1980. The man who ordered the killings of the American Institute for Free Labor Development workers has been released by Salvadoran security forces.

All these things are known, yet the newspapers here still use words like "moderate" and "linked to" and accept without much demur the foully outrageous assertions of Shultz and kindred officials that there is "progress" in El Salvador. Sometimes I think that even if d'Aubuisson walked into a San Salvador orphanage, hacked to death every priest, nun and child within its walls and, with a machete, inscribed his death squad's insignia on the forehead of each victim—all this live on U.S. network TV—the commentators would still refer to his "alleged" ties to right-wing terror. Form wins over content every time.

"Meanwhile," said *The Washington Post*'s lead editorial for March 27, "[the feudal right] continues to gun citizens down, and it is no great comfort to say it is doing less of this than before. It should stop, period. . . . The guerrillas refuse to put down their guns. The Salvadoran government should not be punished for this by having its armed forces kept on a short tether by the United States. Congress should vote the emergency aid." The editorial went on to invoke "the Salvadoran tendency, expressed best by Mr. Duarte," to open a national dialogue.

The next day *The Post*'s lead editorial was hailing the democratic nature of the *contras*, who attack Nicaragua from north and south, usually by means of hacking defenseless people to death after prolonged torture: "Some substantial part of the guerrilla force that Washington is supporting against it [i.e. Nicaragua] is democratic and friendly to the United States." *The Post* did add, considerately, that by "backing them [i.e. the *contras*] the United States . . . blurs its attempts to rally others against Managua's own interventions."

Thus, like Reagan, and like Mondale, *The Washington Post* believes in supplying the Salvadoran government with more money and arms which will go to the death squads which, as Lucia Annunziata pointed out here two weeks ago, *are* the main expression of war against the people. And like Reagan, *The Post* believes that the former National Guardsmen in the F.D.N. and Edén Pastora's *contras* are somehow "democratic." How are they democratic? They are about as democratic as the decision-making structure of *The Post*. Where in Central America is Managua "intervening"?

In El Salvador the United States is pouring vast sums into the pockets of the Party of National Conciliation (P.C.N.), since it is the party that will make the next governing coalition, whether with d'Aubuisson's Arena or Duarte's Christian Democrats.

As a timely guide to the situation in El Salvador I strongly recommend NACLA's *Report on the Americas* for March/April, titled "El Salvador 1984." It was put together by Salvadorans from the editorial board of *Estudios Centroamericanos*, the journal of the Central American University. As the writers point out, the P.C.N. could gain the votes necessary to rule only in alliance with either the Christian Democrats or Arena and "that, equally clearly, would fail to resolve the problem of the relative coherence of the options offered by the Right and center-Right, which was the entire purpose of the elections. The vicious circle of these elections would then be complete."

Unwritten Story

Mondale and Hart; Hart and Mondale; all those "increasingly sharp exchanges" which are about as fierce as a face-off between two blind sheep. And each day it becomes apparent that the Jackson campaign is changing the political geography of our time—whether permanently or not remains to be seen. But if anyone is looking for a failure in election coverage, that's where it can be found. And presumably one major reason for this failure is that reporters and editors in the mainline press simply are not equipped at this distance from the 1960s to deal with the context of a Jackson campaign, apart from the familiar tracks of slurs and finances.

Pundit's Jaw

I'm afraid promotion of his column from the Metro section to the Op-Ed page of *The Washington Post* has given my old friend Richard Cohen a nasty case of Pundit's Jaw. The condition, characterized by hyperactive mandibular activity, stems from chewing more than one has bitten off. The classic description of this syndrome by Chantriss and Blastdycke (noted also for their isolation of the once-dreaded Lupo virus) was based on an examination of Walter Lippmann's skeleton. As Chantriss and Blastdycke observe, Pundit's Jaw is usually accompanied by *humerus elongatus*, caused by the repeated striking of moral poses.

Observers report that Cohen is striking as many as ten moral poses a week, and Pundit's Jaw has wrought such havoc on his dentures that all his nourishment has to be specially processed. Renewed concern was expressed after publication of Cohen's column of April 2, titled "Gary Hart's Little Rain Cloud." Cohen reflected that "as with Kennedy, the question of character floats over Hart like a little rain cloud." He mentioned the age change, the name change, the somewhat inflated claim of having been Stewart Udall's special assistant, and so forth.

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

"None of this," Cohen decently concedes, "is quite the stuff of Chappaquiddick, but it is disturbing nonetheless. It is particularly disturbing because Hart is an unaffiliated man. Unlike Mondale, for instance, the Coloradan is alienated from his roots, from his family's religion, from many colleagues, from the conventional Democratic Party and from constituency politics."

Put the other way round, this means Hart no longer lives in Ottawa, Kansas, no longer cleaves to the Church of the Nazarene, does not count Jesse Helms and numerous other senators as his good buddies, did not rally to Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey in 1968 and likes to say he is not a slave to special interests.

Love Him Tender

Is the press bearing down on Ronald Reagan the way it did on Jimmy Carter when he ran for re-election? If you still have doubts, take a look at the "Editor's Note" in the April issue of *Life*, by managing editor Richard Stolley. Stolley was reporting on a lunch Reagan gave for the board of directors of the Magazine Publishers Association. After a few reminiscences about his previous encounters with Presidents ("I always left Johnson's presence exhilarated. . . . With Jimmy Carter, I was usually depressed") Stolley describes the no-holds-barred encounter with Reagan:

> Our lunch was delicious (has a food critic ever rated the White House kitchen?)—salad, broiled salmon, new potatoes, iced tea, pecan pie a la mode. The 73-year-old President cleaned his plate. During lunch, the questioning continued—interest rates, Lebanon, taxes. We threw mostly marshmallows; the publishers were largely a sympathetic audience, and somehow it didn't seem right to impose on this man's hospitality with difficult questions.

Sex and Death

A big talking point recently was Jane Brody's article in *The New York Times* about autoerotic death. A surprisingly large number of my acquaintances were not aware of the penchant of seasoned self-abusers for half-strangling themselves in the cause of labor-intensive orgasm. Brody described the process in considerable detail, concentrating on the male adolescents who are unable to arrest the process of self-induced asphyxiation, and die, as it were, twice.

All this came as no surprise to me. I once knew a policeman in London who used to describe his frequent discoveries of dead wankers, suffocated in the plastic bags they put over their heads. A refinement involved standing on a ladder with the bag over one's head and a broomstick intruded in the lower regions. "Gorr," the policeman cried with gloomy satisfaction as he described the broom-stuck victims, after faulty British workmanship had caused the ladders to collapse.

"According to the American Academy of Child Psychiatry," Brody wrote, "victims are typically 'happy, well-adjusted people' who are 'found hanging by the neck, often wearing women's clothing, apparently having died while masturbating.'" This is progress. In former days the quotation would have read, "apparently happy."

Perhaps all this is only hyper-repressive desublimation, as the Frankfurt school used to say. *The Wall Street Journal*, describing the scandal involving its reporter R. Foster Winans and its news clerk David Carpenter, said flatly in its story of April 2 that the two were "lovers." (The implication of the story was that Winans had misused information amassed for his "Heard on the Street" tipster column to help finance this relationship.) So how did *The Journal* know that the two were lovers and not just close friends linked in a sublimated, nonphysical homoerotic relationship? Did the reporters climb on a ladder like the British masturbators and peek through a window? Straights trade in insider information too, you know. In a different kind of brouhaha, did *The Journal* call William Agee and Mary Cunningham lovers or just good friends? In its zeal to wash its dirty linen, maybe *The Journal* hit on the gay aspect too fiercely.

All the same, there is a good story in the gay financial gossip network on Wall Street. Very eighties, this. Insider information, after all, is just business news still in the closet, and people sensitive to the grammar of closets understand gossip, its practice and uses, better than those who don't. If it's got any sense *Interview* will hire Winans without delay.

Afterthought re suffocation: It seems that a famously satyric recent U.S. President liked to anticipate sexual climax in his bath by plunging and holding his partner's head beneath the water, savoring the agitation consequent upon her impending though averted demise.

Smoke and Fire Department

With the summary firing of editor in chief Edward Thompson, the only executive of *Reader's Digest* with even a tenuous grasp on reality has now departed. The new man, Kenneth Gilmore, has been an ardent promoter of many of the most absurd disinformation stories of the Reagan era—from the K.G.B.'s Pope plot downward. Each bigwig at *Reader's Digest* has a small garden plot at the Pleasantville offices to tend and cultivate. Who will foster Thompson's little patch as weeds fester and thorns creep in?

On the subject of disinformation, the last drops of the great yellow rainstorm are drying, with the return of the Meselson group from Thailand. While there, it was on the receiving end of a shower of yellow bee shit, thus confirming Meselson's view that this is all yellow rain ever amounted to.

And yet another piece of Reaganite disinformation takes a knocking in the March/April issue of *Cuba Times*, which refutes the proposition that Cuban government officials were involved in the drug traffic to the United States. The writers amass compellingly the assemblage of false testimony that produced this particular absurdity. *Cuba Times* is available for $2 from the Cuba Resource Center, 11 John St., Rm. 506, New York, N.Y. 10038.

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SOVIETICUS.

STEPHEN F. COHEN

Roy Medvedev, the renowned nonconformist historian and for fifteen years a leading Soviet dissident, is in grave danger. Since late February, authorities have threatened him with criminal prosecution, while a phalanx of policemen have followed his every move and barred visitors from his Moscow apartment.

Those actions seem designed to force Medvedev, the last major dissident in the Soviet capital, to leave the country. (His twin brother, Zhores, a biochemist and fellow activist, has lived in involuntary exile in London since 1973.) Medvedev has withstood previous threats and, unlike many prominent dissidents, has steadfastly refused to emigrate. But given the growing mood of cold war intolerance in official circles—revised laws in effect since February make the dissemination of virtually any information about Soviet life a criminal offense—a showdown may be imminent. The 58-year-old Medvedev could be banished to a remote region of the Soviet Union, cut off from family and friends, who have sustained him since he was deprived of employment in 1971, or even imprisoned.

Medvedev's plight is especially meaningful because he has been so unfairly defamed by people who should know better. A fiercely independent and honorable man, he has never conformed to popular conceptions of a Soviet dissident. Whereas most liberal activists in the Soviet Union now reject the entire system and socialist idea, Medvedev remains a pro-Soviet, democratic-socialist reformer. And whereas other leading dissidents urged the United States to repudiate détente in the 1970s, he has always protested cold war American policies as well as repressive Soviet behavior at home and abroad.

As a result, many Soviet émigrés, whose political tolerance does not greatly exceed that of their former government, have denounced Medvedev as a "betrayer" or even a K.G.B. agent. The late Senator Henry Jackson once likened him to "certain Jews [who] fronted for Goering, Goebbels and Hitler." And even a few American journalists who while in Moscow eagerly exploited Medvedev's careful analysis of Soviet affairs, later ungratefully described him as a "conduit" for official Soviet views. There is no evidence for any of those charges.

The real political significance of Medvedev derives from his longstanding role as the most outspoken Soviet advocate of gradual liberalization from above. He believes that such a change—a Moscow Spring that could lead to democratization—might be introduced by the ruling Communist Party, given the right combination of a reform-minded leadership, as existed under Nikita Khrushchev, and a détente-like international climate. Therefore, Medvedev insists that Soviet dissidents should develop and circulate loyal reformist ideas for eventual "consumers" in the party-state elite instead of directing extremist or anti-Soviet appeals to Western governments. There is, he reasonably argues, no other hopeful prospect for liberal change in Soviet policy.

Born in 1925, Medvedev has had a life shaped by dramatic changes in official policy. His father, a young army officer and Communist Party philosopher, died in Stalin's terror of the late 1930s. The Medvedev brothers served in the Red Army during World War II and then acquired the equivalent of doctoral degrees, but they remained stigmatized politically and professionally as children of an "enemy of the people" until their father was legally exonerated during Khrushchev's de-Stalinization in 1956. That same year, Roy joined the Communist Party; in the 1960s he had a successful career as an editor and department head in research institutions of the prestigious Academy of Pedagogical Sciences.

His life was changed again by Khrushchev's sudden overthrow in 1964 and by the retrograde policies of the Brezhnev-Kosygin leadership. Alarmed by those developments, Medvedev founded a secret typescript magazine of anti-Stalinist and democratic ideas that circulated for seven years among a small group of establishment intellectuals. In 1969 circulation of his monumental indictment of the Stalin era, *Let History Judge*, led to his expulsion from the Communist Party and to a full-time career as a maverick historian and political dissident.

Despite repeated police threats, searches of his apartment and confiscation of his archives, Medvedev has been remarkably prolific in both roles. His historical writings include eight books, the most recent, *All Stalin's Men*, having just been published. Though banned in his homeland, they have been widely translated abroad. His dissenting writings on contemporary Soviet affairs are equally numerous. Focusing on abuses of power, the lack of civil liberties, structural inefficiencies and other failings of the system, they present a highly informed, analytical picture of the Soviet Union today and, as in his *On Socialist Democracy*, the most systematic program for liberal reform developed by a dissident writer.

Such reformers, however, have rarely fared well in the Soviet Union, where tenacious authoritarian traditions have usually bred political immobilism, extremism or despair. Caught between a repressive leadership and a liberal dissident community that has lost all hope, Medvedev had become a solitary public figure even before his current ordeal.

And yet he remains unembittered. A ruddy-faced, silver-haired man, professorial in manner, he discusses the attacks on him coming from various quarters with bemused humor and without rancor. He even remains optimistic that reformist views exist inside the Communist Party and state establishment, especially among officials of his generation. Thus, the accelerated promotion of some younger officials during Yuri Andropov's brief tenure as leader encouraged Medvedev, while the advent of 72-year-old Konstantin Chernenko has not.

It is possible, of course, not to share Roy Medvedev's optimistic appraisal of the potential for change within the Soviet system. But anyone who cares about that nation's future, to which our own is so inextricably linked, must admire his courage and be deeply concerned about his fate.

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ARTICLES.

WHERE THE CANDIDATES STAND

The Democrats on National Security

MICHAEL T. KLARE

Now that Walter Mondale and Gary Hart have emerged as the front-runners in the race for the Democratic Presidential nomination, their differences on national security issues are becoming more apparent. While it has been easy to distinguish their positions from Jesse Jackson's, it has not always been so easy to tell the two of them apart. In day-to-day exchanges each accuses the other of misrepresenting him, and Jesuitical disputes erupt on who meant what when. Therefore it is worthwhile to pinpoint as accurately as possible where they agree and where they differ, and then to contrast their views with those of Jackson.

Their areas of agreement are broader than their recent caustic exchanges might suggest:

§ Both have declared their support for the nuclear freeze proposal and promise to offer incentives to bring the Russians back to the strategic arms limitation negotiations.

§ Both say they oppose procurement of the MX missile and the B-1 bomber, and favor developing the proposed single-warhead Midgetman missile.

§ Both support the deployment of the ground-launched cruise missile in Europe until the Russians agree to mutual reductions in theater nuclear weapons. (However, to bring the Russians back to the negotiating table Hart opposes deploying any additional missiles beyond those now in place.)

§ Both call for increasing U.S. defense spending by 3 to 5 percent in real terms and strengthening NATO conventional forces in Western Europe to compensate for any reductions in nuclear arms.

§ Both insist that future military aid to El Salvador be tied to progress in human rights, and say they would terminate military aid to the anti-Sandinista *contras*.

Their differences are mainly in style, not substance: Mondale emphasizes arms control while Hart emphasizes military reform. By arms control, I mean a commitment to prolonged and comprehensive negotiations with the Soviet Union leading to specific limitations on numbers and types of weapons. That is the approach embodied in the SALT agreements and other existing arms control measures. It has its origin in the Kennedy Administration, and Mondale can legitimately claim to have supported it while he was in government. "I have been involved in every arms control fight over the last twenty-five years," he declared recently, "and in each one of them I have been heavily, intensely involved."

By military reform, I mean a commitment to achieving greater efficiency, adopting more effective weapons and imposing tighter restraints on defense budgets. It is an approach favored by many Republicans as well as Democrats (members of both parties participate in the Congressional Military Reform Caucus), but Hart gives it a distinctly anti-Reagan cast. He calls the Administration's arms buildup wasteful, excessive and provocative, and advocates terminating many major weapons programs. He says he would use some of the resulting savings to buy cheaper, "cost-effective" arms to replace those that have been eliminated. "We need reliable, less complex weapons that can be less expensively built and more effectively used," he argues. "More is not better, less is not better, only better is better."

While it would be wrong to characterize the two men as being far apart on national security issues, they have come up with somewhat different agendas. Mondale has compiled a lengthy menu of initiatives designed to halt the arms race and to arrest further development of first-strike nuclear weapons. He has called for a U.S.-Soviet ban on anti-satellite and space weapons, on underground nuclear testing and on the deployment of nuclear-armed cruise missiles at sea.

Senator Hart shares those objectives. But Mondale has also promised to take some "unilateral steps" toward achieving them, concrete actions that would demonstrate America's good faith and "publicly challenge" the Russians to reciprocate. Such steps, he told a group of peace ac-

DRAWINGS BY FRANCES JETTER

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tivists in January, could include a six-month moratorium on underground nuclear tests, a moratorium on testing of anti-satellite weapons and the removal of short-range nuclear weapons from the front lines in West Germany. In taking such steps, he suggested, "I would . . . try to create a new attitude, a new sense of hope, a new sense of momentum early in my Administration."

Hart has not proposed a similar array of initiatives but has taken a leading role in a number of major arms control battles. He led the Senate floor fight against procurement of the MX missile and has been a leading opponent of the production of chemical weapons. He has also campaigned for restrictions on the proliferation of nuclear arms technology and has proposed an international ban on the production of plutonium.

Hart is best known, however, for his opposition to Reagan's blueprint for the Navy, particularly the plan to form offensive battle groups around large nuclear-powered aircraft carriers. Such vessels, he argues, are too vulnerable to modern antiship missiles to justify their enormous cost. "The big-carrier approach will cause the U.S. to build the wrong kind of ships and end up with a weaker Navy in the future," he says. But while other opponents have simply voted against procurement of the behemoths, Hart has proposed an alternative: construction of many smaller "VTOL carriers," ships carrying vertical-takeoff-and-landing aircraft like the British Harrier jump jet. Such "Hart carriers," as the Administration calls them, would provide a significant sea patrol and antisubmarine capability but would not have the capacity to conduct offensive operations in Soviet home waters, which Secretary of the Navy John Lehman wants.

Hart's advocacy of VTOL carriers and other military reforms have generated some concern among arms control experts, who fear they could unleash a new conventional arms race with the Russians. "I'm troubled by Hart's involvement in the Military Reform Caucus," one leader of the freeze campaign told me. "His emphasis on a leaner, meaner military machine could prove very dangerous in the long run." Hart argues that it is not enough simply to oppose pernicious weapons systems; one must offer the public an alternative. Given the public's pronounced concern about national security, he asserts, "The Democratic Party can't be the party that just recommends defense cuts. If we do, we lose election after election."

Although Hart's identification with the Military Reform Caucus has aroused misgivings in the arms control community, he has gained support for his opposition to U.S. intervention in Third World conflicts. "Our sons should not be sent to die without cause in Lebanon and to serve as bodyguards for dictators in Central America," he declared in February. A month later he chided Mondale for supporting the "Carter doctrine," which calls for U.S. military intervention to protect oil shipments from the Persian Gulf. Noting that America's allies are far more dependent on Persian Gulf oil than is the United States, he said, "I don't think we ought to lose American lives fighting for someone else's oil."

Mondale has also denounced intervention in the Third World, but he opposes a complete pullout from Central America and is prepared to accept U.S. military action in other likely conflict situations. Recently, Mondale asserted that U.S. forces are needed in Honduras to provide an "incentive" for Nicaraguan restraint in the region, and in a debate at Columbia University, he charged that Hart favors "pulling the plug and walking out of Central America." He also described as "naïve" Hart's opposition to the use of American ground troops to protect Middle East oil supplies, declaring that "history teaches us that we must . . . work together for the security of the Western world."

The debate over interventionism has, in fact, unearthed one of the few significant differences between the two candidates. In a speech in Chicago on March 14, Mondale noted that while the United States has "made mistakes in the past in the use of American power," it cannot escape its responsibility to use force when necessary in the interest of "a strong, experienced and mature internationalism." Hart, on the other hand, argues that we must never forget the "lessons" of Vietnam. "Have we learned nothing from the painful past?" he asked in Iowa. "When will we learn that American troops are the wrong answer to civil war in a foreign country?"

Those differences may appear largely rhetorical, but they do help us distinguish between the two candidates. On nuclear issues, Mondale offers a more vigorous, comprehensive program than Hart, while on conventional arms and interventionism, Hart offers a more disciplined, restrained approach than Mondale.

Although Jesse Jackson shares many of Hart's and Mondale's views on basic defense issues, he departs from them in several key areas. Jackson supports the nuclear freeze and opposes procurement of the MX missile and the B-1 bomber. However, while Hart and Mondale say they would increase defense spending by 3 to 5 percent in real terms, Jackson says the defense budget could be cut by as much as 20 to 25 percent. He also diverges from them on the issue of conventional arms: while Hart and Mondale would procure more high-tech conventional weapons to offset reductions in the nuclear arsenal, Jackson opposes the acquisition of arms that would erode the nuclear "firebreak."

If there is a major philosophical difference between Jackson and the other two Democratic candidates, it is over the issue of the cold war. Hart and Mondale both perceive continued U.S.-Soviet hostility as a given, while Jackson believes that a nonantagonistic relationship between the superpowers is possible. "There are, of course, great differences between us and the Soviet Union," he admits, but "we must be willing to share our position in the world, and our leadership," and thereby learn to become "friends." □

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THE PAPON CASE

Anti-Semitism in The Resistance?

DONNA EVLETH

The arrest of Klaus Barbie in Bolivia and his extradition to France to stand trial for "crimes against humanity" made headlines all over the world early last year. But at about the same time, another man was indicted in France on the same charge. His name is Maurice Papon, and he is accused of having aided in the deportation of 1,690 Jews from Bordeaux between 1942 and 1944.

The Papon case is more troubling to the French national conscience than the Barbie affair. Papon is French, and during World War II he served as secretary general of the prefecture of Bordeaux under the Vichy government. Despite his collaboration, his career continued without a hitch after the war, and he served as departmental prefect, Paris prefect of police and, finally, Minister of the Budget under President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. Papon had avoided the Vichy stigma by claiming that he had also served in the French Resistance. But as Serge Klarsfeld, noted French hunter of war criminals, who filed the charges on which Papon will be tried, told me, "It was quite possible to be both a *Résistant* and an anti-Semite."

The Papon affair began May 6, 1981, when an article appeared in the French weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné* describing Papon's wartime role. At that time, Papon was serving as Minister of the Budget; he was also an Assembly deputy from the third district of the department of the Cher. The article appeared just four days before the presidential election which brought François Mitterrand to power, and Papon dismissed it as politically motivated, "a shameful trick which dishonors its authors and inspirers." His press release added, "Already assured of the testimony of those with whom he served in the Resistance and at the Liberation, he will abstain from further comment."

But the charges could not be brushed off so easily. Two days after the story appeared, Klarsfeld called on him to resign "to show that he recognizes the facts . . . and bows to the memory of those whom he contributed to having deported." When voters turned Giscard out on May 10, that demand became moot, since Papon would lose his job after the new government took power. But he still held his seat in the Assembly and planned to run for re-election.

On May 13 *Le Canard* ran a second article. It was accompanied by photocopies of two 1943 documents: an arrest order for Hungarian Jews bearing Papon's signature and a report by the German Feldkommandantur of Bordeaux, praising Papon's work: "He collaborates without problems with the Feldkommandantur. He is rapid and trustworthy. There have never been any complaints against him, which indicates that he is a sincere representative of the present government's policy." The following week the newspaper printed documents from 1942 implicating Papon in the arrests of other Jews.

On May 22, Papon announced he would not seek re-election as deputy. That same day, the affair took a curious turn. *Le Canard* had expressed skepticism about Papon's claim that he had served in the French Resistance: "According to his press release, Giscard's minister belonged to the Resistance. But . . . he does not appear in the file containing the names of volunteer combatants of the Resistance." Goaded, Papon requested that the Comité d'Action de la Résistance (C.A.R.), which represents the fifty-four officially recognized Resistance movements and associations, form a Jury of Honor to judge his wartime conduct.

Chosen for the jury were Jean-Pierre Bloch, Marie-Madeleine Fourcade, Daniel Mayer, the Rev. Michel Riquet and Charles Verny, all presidents or vice presidents of the C.A.R., members of the Legion of Honor and holders of the Medal of the Resistance. In the course of their inquiry they studied the magazine's articles and documents from various archives. They took statements from former prefectural and police officials who were in Bordeaux during the occupation and just after the liberation. They consulted experts on the period. They dug up unfavorable comments about Papon by Nazi occupation officials, who called him "anti-German" and "pro-American." They concluded that he was a bona fide member of the Jade-Amicol resistance network after January 1, 1943, providing "military, ad-

Donna Evleth, a freelance writer specializing in the period of the occupation of France, is gathering material for a book on the continuing influence of the Resistance on France.

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ministrative, economic and police intelligence" for the Allies and saving some Jews and *Résistants*. Nevertheless, the jury noted:

> It seems, however, that he made a distinction between French and foreign Jews, his concern being essentially for the former.
>
> In judging Monsieur Papon, the Jury refuses to compare the number of people saved with the number of people handed over to the Germans.

On December 15, 1981, the jury unanimously approved a twenty-four-page report, with the following conclusion:

> The Jury of Honor agrees that Monsieur Maurice Papon was affiliated with the Forces Françaises Combattantes beginning January 1, 1943, and holds a card as volunteer combatant of the Resistance,
>
> Considers that Monsieur Papon's role as Secretary-General of the Gironde from May 1942 to the Liberation must be judged in reference to the conduct of the Regional Prefecture of Bordeaux during this period,
>
> Notes that this Prefecture, without showing the shameful zeal of its predecessors, did however carry out the orders of the Vichy government and the German authorities, notably concerning the discriminatory and criminal measures against the Jews, contenting itself, through sometimes courageous personal initiatives, with easing some of their effects,
>
> Estimates that Monsieur Papon, whose responsibility although it does not seem the greatest is nonetheless involved, had to participate in acts apparently contrary to the Jury's concept of honor, [acts] which justly shock French sensitivities but which must, however, be placed within the context of the time, all the more so since several of them did not have the scope or effects their revelation might indicate today,
>
> Concludes nonetheless that in the very name of the principles he believed he was defending, and not having been mandated by a qualified authority of the French Resistance to remain at his post, Monsieur Papon should have resigned his functions in July 1942.

That same December, families of Jewish victims from Bordeaux filed a suit against Papon. The following May, Klarsfeld filed a complaint against Papon in court for crimes against humanity, the only war-related charge not subject to the statute of limitations. On January 19, 1983, the former Minister of the Budget was indicted.

While awaiting trial—which has yet to be scheduled—Papon has not faded into obscurity. *L'Affaire Papon*, a book by Michel Slitinsky which appeared last April, has kept his name before the public. Slitinsky finds that in 1942, collaborationist sentiment was stronger in Bordeaux than in other French cities, and despite the C.A.R.'s findings, he questions Papon's claim that he served in the Resistance. An appendix provides facsimiles of relevant documents, including the report of the Jury of Honor, "Aryanization" decrees expropriating Jewish businesses, and other Nazi orders relating to deportation, some of which bear Papon's signature.

Gilles Perrault, author of *The Secret of D-Day*, supplied a fiery preface: "People are right in saying that Papon cannot be compared to an Eichmann or a Barbie: he is worse because he is French. Here, for the edification of future generations, is the perfect example of ordinary dishonorableness." Further on, Perrault wrote that Papon is "one of those out and out bastards who went beyond his orders," and dubbed him "the symbol of a certain rot."

That could hardly be called objective, but how impartial is Slitinsky? He is the son of a Ukrainian Jew who was living in Bordeaux in 1942. In October of that year, two French policemen came to arrest the family. Slitinsky bowled past them and escaped over the rooftops; his father, brother and aunt were sent to the concentration camps and did not return. Slitinsky is haunted by this crime and for years has sought to find those responsible for it.

Papon immediately sued to have the book seized and withdrawn from sale, calling it "a partisan attack, violent, extreme and vulgar, manipulating documents and facts, truncating, distorting, . . . mixing the true and the false." He said it was "an attempt to pressure the judge" and "a serious attack on the presumption of innocence."

Judge Pierre Drai took Slitinsky's personal involvement into consideration in his ruling, but concluded:

> Michel Slitinsky, who was personally and dangerously involved in the facts he intends to reveal to his readers, has submitted to them, in facsimile, documents bearing the signature of Maurice Papon or marking his action at a clearly determined time.
>
> It has not been established that these documents were fraudulently or maliciously solicited.
>
> . . . the insertion of the complete text of the sentence handed down by a Jury of Honor December 15, 1981, gives the author's account a certain objectivity.

Judge Drai permitted sale of the book to continue but ordered that Perrault's incendiary preface be stricken from future editions.

After Drai's ruling was upheld on appeal, Papon sued Slitinsky for libel, citing the passage that says Papon "had wrongfully claimed acts, memberships, and titles" in the French Resistance. He followed that suit with another for libel, against the Catholic weekly magazine *La Vie*, which had published an article by Marie Christine Jeanniot in its February 17-23, 1983, issue. Jeanniot had interviewed numerous veterans of the Jade-Amicol resistance network, in which Papon claimed membership, and found that none of them remembered him.

At the trial, Jeanniot's sources repeated under oath what they had told her. The judge dismissed the suit, declaring that Jeanniot's investigation had been a legitimate inquiry into a matter of public interest and that she had reported her findings in good faith. He concluded, "It would be unrealistic to ask a journalist to behave like a historian, when he has neither the time nor the means."

Yet history must judge sooner or later. At the beginning of his book, Slitinsky states, "The Papon Affair goes beyond its involuntary hero." And so it does. It raises the issue of collaboration, an issue not just for the French but for all people, who must ask themselves, What would I do in such circumstances? It also suggests a cover-up. How could Papon, with such a clouded past, have advanced his career for forty years and through two republics?

Finally, the Papon affair puts the French Resistance in a

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new light. The French, traumatized by their lightning defeat in 1940 and the shameful collaboration of the Vichy government, made the Resistance into a national myth. Papon's case has shown that not all its members acted honorably. Most of the Resistance veterans' groups have remained silent on the Papon affair. The Association Nationale des Anciens Combattants de la Résistance, however, raised some tough questions in the May 1983 issue of its newspaper, *Le Journal de la Résistance*:

> (1) It was only after May 1944 that M. Papon was, says the Jury of Honor, "authorized to retain his functions" by the future commissioner of the Republic. How could all that went before, right up to the eve of the landing, be so quickly redeemed?
>
> (2) How did M. Papon get past the purge? . . . While the Prefect and his Secretary-General enjoyed impunity, then brilliant careers, 17 subordinates were purged. When will the real story of this be told?
>
> (3) M. Papon got his Resistance membership card. . . . Under what conditions?

The challenge to a national myth, the questions for the country's conscience, will be as much at issue as crimes against humanity when Papon comes to trial. □

'WERE THE ROSENBERGS FRAMED?'

This historic debate, which was sponsored by The Nation and The New Republic at New York City's Town Hall last October 20th, has been described as "a political-literary brawl" (Los Angeles Times), at which "a cheering, jeering crowd of 1,500 followed every jab in a fight over history" (The Washington Post).

The main participants in the debate were: Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir, authors, Invitation to an Inquest; Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton, authors, and Sol Stern, research assistant, The Rosenberg File: A Search for the Truth; and Elizabeth Holtzman, moderator. There were also questions and comments from Michael Meeropol, Morton Sobell, Marshall Perlin, James Weinstein, Victor Navasky and others.

A complete record of this extraordinary event can now be purchased in transcript or cassette. Transcripts are available for $24 each; cassettes are $19 each. There are special discounts on orders of five or more. Send check or money order, payable to The Nation, to: "Rosenbergs," The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 (a project of The Nation Institute).

WHILE SOMEONE ELSE IS EATING—VII

At the Heart of All Poverty

This is the seventh in a series of pieces that will appear in The Nation *about how some people are being made to live in America today. The writers featured are all novelists or poets. They were not given "assignments"; they were asked to write about the human costs of President Reagan's policies, and they chose their subjects under that rubric. The idea was to free them from all the constraints of journalism save one: that of grounding their work in reality. Our aim was to gather an uneven collection, each piece as unique as the voice and the sensibility of the artist who wrote it.*

The poems selected here are from a long sequence that will be published in its entirety by Anchor Press/Doubleday in the collection titled While Someone Else Is Eating.

DAVID RAY

Who would dare translate him back
to sharecropper, father of woes, mound
of red earth marked with tin, reed in the wind?
Grandfather, our Robert E. Lee, victor over rock

David Ray is the editor of New Letters, *a literary quarterly. His most recent book of poems is* The Touched Life *(Scarecrow Press).*

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in the great Wilderness, General of melons,
onions, forger of his own iron plow and wheel,
he stood in gray dignity, flood at his feet,
weeds for his crops, staunch in his business
of losses. A gentleman, bearded like Lee,
grizzly, his saber a hoe, his mount
a gray mule, his campaign in truth
a great Wilderness. His medals were brass
buttons of overalls. He's in bronze, upright
on horseback, his tomb gilt-doored, nobly
pillared. Stained glass could tell
the stations of his life, the walk
from Tennessee, the hardship farming, wife
dead in childbirth, those rough years
of the Depression, the flivver sold
and all dignity like flotsam of a flood
gone quickly, nor does that river turn,
bring back. By my time all sign was gone
of the good life lost. He spat
tobacco past me before he hitched that mule
to plow the worthless acres. His stub hand
held a melon like a world, turned it.

W.T.
A flush toilet was an item in magazines
or the Sears, Roebuck catalogue, the one
W.T. stayed up late at night studying
under the coal-oil lamp, thinking how Ada
could use a new corset or cookstove
or even one of those porcelain flush toilets.
Meanwhile we trudged to the outhouse,
where last year's catalogue was sharp as a knife.
And we worried about the black widow
down in the shadows, spider that had bitten
W.T. so that he had run out into the night,
flailing about like a fool, with his pants down.
On such a farm there were no refrigerators,
and the lights were still gas lamps on the wall
with white mantles like little knitted cones.
We ate possums, greens, corn bread and milk,
salt pork, beans, and tomatoes and squash,
melons from the fields. White, denatured
bread was just coming in, wrapped in waxed paper,
Wonder, or Rainbow. On the Fourth, uncles
drank home-brew while we ate red watermelon
the same way the black people did, running
it across the face and spitting out seeds
at the hungry dogs. Altogether I would say
the quality of life was better back in Eden.

WORKING MOTHER
After we moved into Mounds
and the duplex apartment, while father
barbered (and then the procession
of foster homes courtesy Welfare Department
capped at last by the orphanage),
she served in white shoes the rich man,
owner of a factory stamping steel
or weaving baskets made of wire.
She tucked his three children in, read them
bedtime stories, loved them as her own.
And when she came to see us
Sundays in the orphanage,
she wept and asked that we recall
her virtues, how the night we moved
the final time, she scrubbed floors
till they glowed like glass.
Of course we well remembered. She had worked
till midnight, on her knees.
She showed us snapshots. In one
she held rich baby up beside his carriage
while two girls stood in fur coats squinting,
darlings, and she was a proud mother again
in a uniform, all white as snow.
Those Sundays when she left anew
we'd run back upstairs, look out to see
her walk away, snow-white feet past roses
red and blurred inside a circling wall of brick.

THE SHIRLEY TEMPLE DISH
The toys I stole were not from the rich
but from the poor who lived by the ditch
along the railroad track, in a gray tin warehouse.
They may well have found those toys
on the cold concrete floor when they moved in
with their crates and rags and broken chairs,
but profligate and careless, they had left
some of my favorites out in the high weeds—
a blue Shirley Temple dish was the bowl
in which they fed their dog, who was friendly.
That was the first toy I stole from them.
Call it a toy—I played with it, hid it,
along with the cap pistol and the dolls
and the wonderful miniature tin pump
with little buckets tied to a chain,
water for horses, perhaps, on a ranch.
Three of us were peeing in it in our hide-out
when my mother caught us, confiscated
all our stolen toys and made me return them
with painful apologies to the dozen
poor children of the fat lady in rags.
She made me kneel to the dog,
tell him how sorry I was. Truly
I was sorry, though the dog licked my face
and began again to slurp water
from the beautiful blue bowl that had
Shirley Temple's face and curls on the bottom.
And later my father whipped me too,
and for a week they both humiliated me with words,
for stealing the toys, for peeing in one,
for not feeling sorry for those poorer than poor,
poorer than we were. After that, I stole from the rich.

THE WORST YEAR
In that maimed, befogged and accursed year,
'29, the gas shut off, Grandmother

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gave birth to twins. She died, but they lived
in a drawer for a week. Many like Laocoön
failed to break the python's hold; it twisted
tight as hell round yet another family.
Beefsteak was out; inland we ate greens
and quail, squirrels and possum, tree bark.
But Al Smith worked his last erection up,
tall zenith from the black-hole nadir of that year,
light-catching scraper of the clouds, in stone.
Brave workers sat mile-high to have their cup
of thermos tea, knees above a capitalist abyss,
and down below an apple saved a wretched man
who had labored making cars till they let him go.
And this year the lady on the bus
says her benefits are cut. She has to give
half her pittance to the doctor, half for heat.
And how, she asks, can a lady live on nothing?
Her black, moth-eaten gloves remind me
of how they've found such holes in brains, work
of insects of despair and tiny predatory birds of wrath.

BEST FRIEND

Johnny Mack, my friend and hated enemy,
for the privilege of walking you to school
I'd wait half an hour, slobber
while you ate your steaming breakfast, served
by your Aunt Vesta, whose huge soft bosom
you bragged you saw each time
she took her pink bra off.
I hated you, my only friend,
still envy your complacent monkey's
smile, buckteeth, and your refusal
to be taken in. Just once I thought
I'd found out something first, and bragged,
pointing to the sky, "Those are cumulus!"
But you promptly shot me down:
"You just got that out of *True Comics*.
I saw it first!" Again and again
you won all argument, cut me down
in that trash-burning town
till I began to think that you
and not those faces overseas
were the Japanese enemy. (They too
had buckteeth, short black clipped hair.)
We tied for the high I.Q.; the teacher
had to tell us so we'd fight—
locked horns, scraped knees, eyes
gouged, hair pulled out on Elm Street
and then again between the jungle bars at school.
And all the while I thought
quite clearly, calmly, of those hot
breakfasts your aunt who loved you
served, ignoring me, lifting in devotion
the golden egg, the plate of toast, the gleaming
jam. Against my bitter shore
I felt backlashing wash, high churning waves
of envy, tides of salt. She hugged you tight,
till you were lost in her, caught
in softness, squirming, and those magic
loaves neglected. How I stood and hungered,
longed to rush forward for that love you spurned.
At night, defeated, I'd disappear
behind your yellow house and box-row hedges
topped with snow like doilies scattered,
and in our room above your chill garage
open up a box of Kraft half-dinner,
heat the yellow goo for me and Sis
while we thought of Mother
who nursed the dying, bed by bed.

AT THE SUPERMARKET

The young girl paying with food stamps
holds the U.S. Department of Agriculture booklet
while the cashier rips coupons out, counts them
like cash. This with the girl's right hand.
Her left is busy with the baby,
tucked underarm like a sack of potatoes
yet watching me carefully, sapphire eyes
alert, curious in his snowsuit. And the mother's
mother awaits her at end
of this checkout line as if
we've arrived on a plane. Her eyes are expectant.
She'll rush to embrace all arrivals.
(Few feel so fortunate, blessed
with life on a Friday, with rain on the way,
possibly snow.) Then she carries, across
the tar lot, the sacks with the milk
and bread and cheese and peanut butter—
three generations—the oldest gone to fat
in fuchsia slacks, happy
to walk beside her daughter, share
this babe of wonder, doll
for the high-school years. And the girl
is lovely, angel-haired, good
lover I am sure. I imagine her in candlelight,
with lithe legs, small breasts that nurse.
And the babe is cute with luminous eyes
like sapphires, and I have noted
she bought no cigarettes or beer,
good girl, eyes clear
on life's necessities. The three
soon are stuffed in an old orange Pinto,
off on life's errands. The babe
alone looks back on me, eyes
like blue marbles I flicked in alleys.

THE LINOTYPER

A man of the past, printer trained
in his trade, linotyper gone from town
to town seeking work, flotsam
turned up in the South amid oaks
and magnolias, Confederate flags still
in front of motels where he cannot rest
or say through the phone, "You come too."
Seekers get nothing, not food stamps,
only the face paralytic, cold eye repeated.

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He heads home, there to be licensed to beg.
All he owns he shoves in a cart, wire
net from Safeway, black wheels. A dog
trots beside him, friend needing friend.
Home by dark? Hardly, but dark is a home.

THE TOMATO
As a child I watched the hobo in the alley.
Today he sorts the Farmers' Market trash.
That same tomato breaks against the face.

THE RETURN
When I went back to the orphanage
and saw my playmates of yore
or others just like them,
nothing was changed, though Donald
was gone, whose grandma
had brought him all she could spare—
a shiny red apple, a Delicious,
for Christmas. And Mary Lou,
my first love, who held hands
under the table, had vanished,
married, mothering, if she survived
the years of the Girls' Home.
And strolling like a sergeant inspecting,
I observed the small faces closely,
no expression at all as they watched,
pale as sycamore bark. I asked one
why he was there, and he shrugged.
(His parents still lived, as mine had.)
"Do you hear from them?" "No."
"Do you know where they are?" "No."
"What will you do when you grow up?"
He had shrugs for every occasion,
and I saw he had not learned how to smile.
But I did not blame him, and had
nothing to give but a blank
wounded expression, and an apple. □

The N.E.H.

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

For starters, he sharply reduced funding in many areas that had been emphasized by Duffey. For example, grants to projects dealing primarily with women dropped by 37 percent (from 143 to 90) between fiscal 1981, the last complete year of Duffey's chairmanship, and fiscal 1983, the first complete year of Bennett's, according to endowment statistics. Grants to labor unions dropped by 100 percent (from six to zero) during the same period, and grants for studies in semiotics dropped by 50 percent (from four to two).

Not only is the endowment defunding projects favored by liberals, it is also underwriting the dissemination of views endorsed by the Reagan Administration. During Bennett's tenure, grants of more than $750,000 were awarded to a pair of closely related conservative organizations based in California: Public Research, Syndicated (P.R.S.) and the Claremont Institute. Two of Bennett's top appointees had worked on projects sponsored by those organizations.

Shortly after he took over, Bennett sent a clear signal to those he calls "academic humanists," who "tend to be predominantly liberal." He denounced *From the Ashes . . . Nicaragua*, a documentary film which had indirectly received endowment support and was aired on public television. He told a *New York Times* reporter that the film was "unabashed socialist-realism propaganda . . . a hymn to the Sandinists and all of the 'wonderful' things they have done."

In a speech before state humanities councils, which receive N.E.H. funds, Bennett warned: "You may not use . . . the humanities or the name of the humanities or the name of the National Endowment or the name of state committees as a pretext for partisan, political tendentiousness." The state organizations got the message. Renee Holzman, until recently chair of the Oregon Committee for the Humanities, which Bennett scolded for partially funding a conference on the Soviet Union, admitted in an interview: "Maybe we have become skittish after all this. We have to be extremely careful these days."

While they grumble privately about the endowment, few people in the tightly knit humanities community are willing to criticize it publicly. Although the N.E.H. has a relatively small budget—$140 million this year—its support has a ripple effect, attracting additional foundation assistance and university grants. A grant from the N.E.H. also influences tenure decisions.

Those who apply to the endowment for grants must surmount formidable barriers. Duffey's guidelines for evaluating applications have been partially rewritten, making it difficult for certain projects to receive funds. For instance, the new guidelines for the media program, which traditionally receives politically oriented proposals, prohibit projects examining "issues of current controversy without the balance of competing perspectives."

That requirement provides a rationale for restricting N.E.H. support for researchers with strong views on contemporary issues, contrary to the tradition of free inquiry in the humanities. As philosophy professor Marvin Henberg, former chairman of the Association for the Humanities in Idaho, observed after Bennett criticized his group for sponsoring Russian Awareness Week: "I would like to remind Mr. Bennett that the great humanistic scholars of the Renaissance . . . didn't just reflect on the classic texts, they used them as a cutting edge for criticism of their own society."

The act creating the endowment makes no mention of "balance." Indeed, not long after Bennett took over, Joan Hoff-Wilson, now executive secretary of the Organization of American Historians, warned that N.E.H. criteria like "balance" and "intellectual integrity" could be used to turn down projects considered politically objectionable. She was right. In 1982 Marianne Githens, a professor of political

John S. Friedman and Eric Nadler are freelance writers based in Washington and New York City, respectively.

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science at Goucher College, a small women's school in Maryland, applied for a $39,000 grant to make a film on the women's peace movement during World War I. Although she had already received a $15,000 planning grant for the project, her request was denied. Jeffrey Wallin, then acting director of the division of general programs, explained the decision in a letter to Githens last fall. Her proposal, he wrote, "ran the risk of becoming a celebratory rather than critical treatment of the material." To which Professor Githens commented wryly, "He killed the proposal because of its lack of balance towards war."

The opinions of outside reviewers are often sought to evaluate grant proposals. Under Bennett the practice is used to generate negative comments about projects opposed by conservatives. Thus, even after a proposal has won the overwhelming support of a screening panel of experts, the opinions of additional reviewers will be solicited. As one member of the national council, the endowment's governing advisory board, noted, the procedure all but guarantees that objections will be made. "If you send out a proposal to six reviewers, two will raise questions," the member said. Some case studies of recent grant decisions in the media program, drawn from confidential reports and memorandums we obtained, illustrate the tactic.

§ Henry L. Gates Jr., assistant professor of Afro-American studies at Yale University and a 1981 MacArthur Foundation Fellow, applied for a grant of $741,000 to finish a television film on the history and images of blacks in European and American art, literature and music, from the *Iliad* to *Roots*. The endowment had already allocated $91,000 to the project. Gates's latest request was approved by all but one of the nine members of the peer review panel. (The dissenter was Samuel Lipman, neoconservative publisher of *The New Criterion*, who had helped prepare the Heritage Foundation's critique of the N.E.H.) Then, according to an internal memorandum, "the staff recruited four additional reviewers because the concerns raised by the one panelist were serious." Lipman had questioned the value of "bringing . . . past crimes" to the television screen and complained that the proposal did not present "the other side."

Of the four outside reviewers, two supported the proposal. One wrote: "This broad and comprehensive project leaves no stone unturned"; the other praised the project for "encompassing more than traditional approaches to art, history, literature and life." The third reviewer recommended limited support; the fourth decried the script's "slightly mournful, almost constant deploration of the evils of racism."

Adopting the fourth reviewer's opinion and citing the "inherent danger of the subject matter," the staff recommended that Gates's request be denied. The N.E.H. did not fund the project.

"Given the evidence . . . I've been forced to conclude distressingly that political pressures were at work here," Gates said of the decision. "All we wanted to do was discuss the history of racism."

§ Shirley Sun of the Washington-based American-Asian

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This just-published booklet by author William A. Reuben identifies 114 factual errors in the Federal District Court of New York's 1982 decision upholding Hiss's conviction for perjury in 1950. This flawed decision, upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1983, stands as the last legal word on one of the most celebrated cases in modern history. 1 copy $5, 10 copies $40, 50 copies $150, 100 copies $250. Make checks payable to The Nation Institute and send to "Hiss," The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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Cultural Exchange requested $86,537 to produce a film, *Stilwell in China*. The proposal received favorable votes from a majority of the panelists. Nonetheless, the opinions of five additional scholars were obtained. Three of them "strongly supported the project," according to an N.E.H. document, and the other two endorsed it with reservations. "Both were concerned about fairness and objectivity, especially with respect to Chiang and the Chinese Communist Revolution," the document continues. One reviewer noted, "There is no indication the script's authors intend to portray Chiang's situation or his options. Properly developed, the political tensions within China could add an important dimension to the film—as was done so well in TORA, TORA, TORA." (In 1970, *New York Times* critic Vincent Canby described that Hollywood epic on the bombing of Pearl Harbor as "a $25 million irrelevancy.")

The staff concluded that although it "cannot make a judgment about whether or not the program would degenerate into political propaganda and one-sided ideology . . . the project should not go forward at this time."

§ The Global Village Video Resource Center of New York City submitted a request for $62,360 to develop a feature-length film about Dorothy Day, founder of the Catholic Worker movement. Staff members sent the proposal to outside reviewers although six panelists had rated the project "very good" and the remaining three called it "good."

While two of the outside reviewers strongly supported the project, a third opposed it, in part because all the advisers to the program "represent the Catholic Left and what is called in the post-Vatican II era, 'Catholic Liberalism.'" On the strength of that reviewer's comments, the staff recommended against funding, and the N.E.H. council followed that recommendation.

§ Bennett himself vetoed a grant of $40,000 for a viewers' guide to *Vietnam: A Television History*, shown last year on the Public Broadcasting System, even though the N.E.H. had previously awarded $1.2 million to the series' producers. Bennett took the action after his staff—acting on his request to take another look at the project—objected to the proposed content of the guide. According to a memorandum written by Wendell Willkie, then general counsel to the endowment, it included "an interpretive essay drawing analogies to current events in Central America."

The endowment's concern over "balance" is muted considerably when conservatives apply for money. In 1982 and 1983, the little-known Public Research, Syndicated, of Claremont, California, was awarded N.E.H. grants totaling $453,076 to distribute articles on the Constitution to newspapers across the country. The six-year-old group, which specializes in "current politics and foreign policy," according to an endowment official, has attracted funding from the Scaife Family Charitable Trusts, a leading patron of conservative causes. P.R.S. has received annual grants in excess of $50,000 from Scaife according to P.R.S. president Thomas Silver. He also said that the John M. Olin Foundation, another New Right patron, has made contributions.

Among the articles distributed by P.R.S. to some 2,000 newspapers are an essay by Attorney General William French Smith on individual liberty and another by former Presidential adviser Walt Rostow on U.S. foreign policy. Rostow argues for a less active Congressional role in foreign policy: "By and large . . . Presidents have perceived the national interest in a steadier way than public opinion or . . . Congress." The article, syndicated in February, was accompanied by a drawing of President Reagan holding the globe, his hands tied at the wrist.

When the 1983 grant to P.R.S. was approved, the person in charge of the division that recommended funding was Jeffrey Wallin. At the time Wallin, now an assistant to Bennett, was director of the N.E.H.'s special program celebrating the Constitution's bicentennial. Before joining the N.E.H., Wallin was paid for articles he wrote for the syndication service. Another Bennett appointee, Edward Erler, who succeeded Wallin as director of the bicentennial program, had also written articles for P.R.S. Both men disclaim any conflict of interest.

In addition Wallin had professional dealings with the Claremont Institute, an ultraconservative think tank which is an offshoot of P.R.S. and which currently shares an address with it. He co-edited a book titled *Rhetoric and American Statesmanship*, which will be published by the Carolina Academic Press and the Claremont Institute as part of the institute's "Studies in Statesmanship" series. Included in the collection is an essay by Thomas Silver. Wallin's book received a highly favorable front-page notice in the February issue of an institute publication, *The Claremont Review of Books*. The same issue announces that in a future number, Bennett will discuss "the Endowment's operation during his tenure of office."

Last year the institute was awarded $303,580 from the N.E.H. for conferences and lectures on the bicentennial. Wallin denies any conflict of interest there too. The institute also received $428,927 in 1982 from the United States Information Agency, for seminars. Congress investigated the grant after columnist Jack Anderson charged that a U.S.I.A. official had ties to the institute. (This federally subsidized institute's political perspectives are epitomized by *The Review*'s observation that "as long as Americans line up to see Clint Eastwood movies, we know their political instincts remain healthy and the possibility for a decent society remains.")

Bennett and his staff can count on the support of the N.E.H.'s national advisory council. Nearly half its members are Reagan appointees, representing the conservative if not reactionary wing of the American intellectual community. They include Rita Ricardo-Campbell, a senior fellow at the right-wing Hoover Institution (her husband, Glenn Campbell, is the institution's director); Gertrude Himmelfarb, a former member of the Hoover Institution's board of overseers, a member of the advisory committee of the U.S.I.A. and wife of Irving Kristol; James Clayburn La Force Jr., a board member of the Hoover Institution and member of the Committee for the Free World; Jeffrey Hart,

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a senior editor of the *National Review*; and Walter Berns, a director of the Institute for Educational Affairs, a "clearinghouse" for financial assistance to conservative projects, and a director of the Capital Legal Foundation [see Gregory C. Staple, "Free-Market Cram Course for Judges," *The Nation*, January 26, 1980].

In view of the close ties between many council members and the Hoover Institution it is not surprising that last December the N.E.H. council approved a matching grant of $900,000 to the institution for its library and archives. And Hoover Institution fellow Sidney Hook has been chosen by the N.E.H. to give this year's Jefferson Lecture, the government's most prestigious honor for achievement in the humanities.

The council has also been generous to Ronald Berman, a Nixon appointee who served as chairman of the endowment from 1971 to 1977. The Humanities Institute of the University of California at San Diego, which he directs, recently received a multiyear grant for a total of $654,540 for summer seminars for high-school teachers. And at its last meeting, in February, the council approved a grant of approximately $50,000 to the World News Institute, headed by Richard J. Bishirjian. The money was earmarked for a ninety-minute TV program on the political and philosophical influences on the Founding Fathers, based on *The Roots of American Order* by conservative scholar Russell Kirk. Kirk was a member of the Reagan transition team that studied the endowment; Bishirjian headed that transition team and served for four months in the Administration as assistant for educational and cultural affairs to the U.S.I.A. director.

According to confidential N.E.H. documents, the peer review panel assessment of Bishirjian's proposal was "quite negative." The staff decided that in light of the criticism, "the proposal cannot at this time be recommended for funding." Yet the media committee of the advisory council, with four of its six members in attendance—three of them Reagan appointees—voted to fund the project. The full council went along with its recommendation, but then Bennett vetoed it.

As chairman, he has the final decision on all grants recommended by the council. In an interview in his Washington office recently, he said he has agreed with its decisions "99.63 percent of the time." Coincidentally or not, he decided to veto the Bishirjian grant, sources on his staff told us, around the time we began asking questions about it.

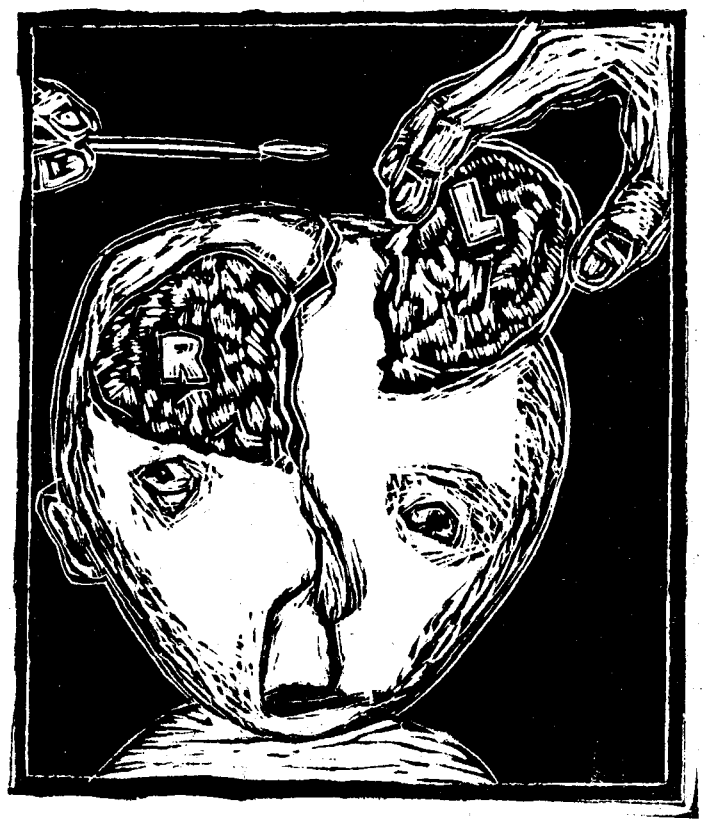
As a loyal player on the Reagan team, Bennett has allowed the endowment's budget to be subordinated to Administration policies. He has regularly agreed to the White House's proposed budget cuts, in line with the Heritage Foundation's claim that the N.E.H. could do more with less. Congress has restored some of the cuts. Bennett's proposed budget for fiscal 1985 is 17 percent lower than the fiscal 1981 appropriation. Hardest hit has been the allocation for general programs, which includes funding for media projects, museums and libraries; budgets for such programs have been reduced by 44 percent from the 1981 amount. Funds to state councils have dropped by one-third over the same period.

Still another plank in Bennett's neoconservative agenda was adopted in January, when he decided to refuse to set numerical goals for hiring women and minorities, as required by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. Bennett's move makes the endowment the first of the Federal agencies that fall under the E.E.O.C. requirements to refuse to set such goals this year. (The E.E.O.C., however, has no power to impose sanctions.) Bennett defended his action, telling the commission, "To believe in human equality and equal liberty can mean nothing less than to treat white and black, male and female, Jew and Gentile as morally equal."

Bennett denies he has politicized the endowment, explaining that he has tried to restore "some sense of definition, some sense of purpose and some sense of limitation" to it. He claims it was "adrift" under Duffey.

The majority of proposals submitted to the agency—such as studies of eleventh- and twelfth-century mosaics or of Mayan artifacts—have no political implications. But when proposals do raise controversial issues, Bennett's actions, to a far greater extent than any of his predecessors, threaten the integrity of the grant review process. Lofty explanations are used to justify rejection of politically unpalatable proposals, while projects with a conservative slant breeze through.

Next year, the National Endowment for the Humanities will celebrate its twentieth anniversary. The influence of the agency on the nation's intellectual and cultural life has grown markedly. In the Age of Reagan, the N.E.H. has also become a significant weapon in the Administration's political offensive. Despite his claims to the contrary, Bennett has transformed the endowment into an ideological pork barrel. □



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Latin America: A Political Guide.
An invaluable survey of thirty-three Latin American countries by Penny Lernoux, *The Nation's* award-winning Latin American correspondent.

A Letter to America.
The Nation January Inauguration issue was devoted entirely to E.P. Thompson's compelling essay on the clear and present danger of nuclear war.

Intervention.
Under what conditions, if any, is military (or other) intervention ever justified? An entire issue of *The Nation* on the subject of intervention contains the papers presented at a Conference on Intervention, co-sponsored by *The Nation* and the Columbia University School of International Affairs.

END and the "Peace Offensive."
Warning that the peace movement must not be caught "sleepwalking," E.P. Thompson outlines the dangers of the Soviet "peace offensive," and urges the movement to eschew the seductions of both superpowers. Also included is a lively exchange of letters between Thompson and Norman Solomon, co-author of "Killing Our Own," debating the controversial issues raised by Thompson's brilliant essay.

Empire as a Way of Life.
William Appleman Williams' brilliant analysis of America's life with an empire—and the implications of life without one—was the focus of this special issue that was distributed to the delegates at the 1980 Democratic National Convention.

The Selling of Japan.
From every quarter American business is urged to adopt some feature of Japan's stunningly successful economic model. But is this model applicable to the United States? What are the implications of Japanese solutions to the problems of American business? This issue opens up and expands the "Japan debate," while shattering some of the myths about the Japanese economic system now in circulation.

Feminist Books.
Today, an exciting new feminist scholarship is re-evaluating a host of subjects from sexuality to the history of socialism to coeducation. This special issue offers an up-to-date sampling of recent offerings in a field that is more lively, contradictory and urgent than ever.

Myths of the Middle East.
This special issue of *The Nation* is devoted to breaking the logomachy jam in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict by subjecting the emotion-sodden rhetoric that weighs down current thinking to a blast of fresh ideas.

Nuclear Samizdat.
What do Russians think about the nuclear arms race? Two prominent Marxist dissidents, historian Roy A. Medvedev and biologist Zhores A. Medvedev, provide the unofficial viewpoint with a clarity rarely found in the American press.

El Salvador.
A compilation of *Nation* articles on Central America and El Salvador, including an early debunking of the famed "White Paper" by James Petras.

Disarmament: Covering the Unthinkable.
In this special issue Richard Pollak takes a critical look at the media coverage of the indisputably most important issue facing mankind; Michael Kazin gives a brief history of the birth of the freeze movement; and David Corn presents a useful directory of organizations working on the disarmament issue.

The New Arms Technology.
From the catapult to particle beam weapons, the engineering of death has concentrated more attention and resources than any other human endeavor. Nine leading experts explore and explain the latest arms technology—both "conventional" and nuclear—and trace the political decisions which have led us closer to Armageddon than ever before.

The Campaign to Smear the Nuclear Freeze Movement.
Frank Donner offers a provocative analysis and thorough documentation of the outrageous attempts by right wingers in media, Congress and the Administration to discredit the nuclear freeze movement, charging that it is inspired and manipulated by the Soviet Union.

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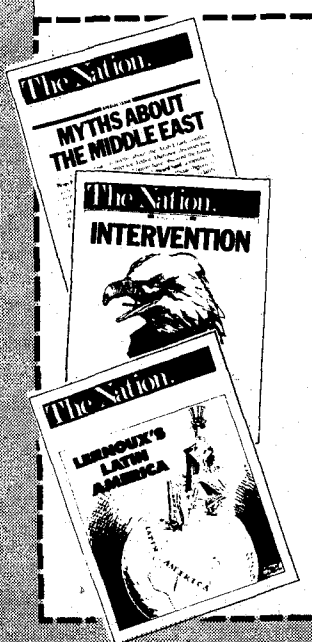

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Peaceniks and Soldier Girls

KAREN ROSENBERG

MY COUNTRY IS THE WHOLE WORLD: An Anthology of Women's Work on Peace and War. *Edited by the Cambridge Women's Peace Collective. Pandora Press. 306 pp. Paper $8.95.*

WOMEN IN THE RESISTANCE AND IN THE HOLOCAUST: The Voices of Eyewitnesses. *Edited by Vera Laska. Greenwood Press. 330 pp. $29.95.*

DOES KHAKI BECOME YOU?: The Militarization of Women's Lives. *By Cynthia Enloe. South End Press. 262 pp. Paper $8.*

Women are different from men, and better—oh God, they're playing that old song again. Even some feminists are singing it, as they did in the nineteenth century, only the line "When ladies get the vote, the world will be a more peaceful place" has been changed to "When women get the power . . . " Though there's some debate as to whether nature or nurture should get the credit for making woman who she is (nurture is winning by my count), there's a frightening, growing agreement that we all know what she's like. Yes, those letters spell "Mother"—a generous giver who resolves conflicts amicably—only now she's to be esteemed rather than patronized. Just when we were beginning to get a sense of the cultural and psychological variety of women's experience, we are told to stop and contemplate the female as harmonious whole.

The gender gap, for example, may have begun as a modest statement of how American women and men in the early 1980s felt about the foreign policy of one Ronald Reagan and its domestic repercussions. But now the phrase, intoned with deep reverence and fervent expectations, has a more global significance. The gap has been taken as evidence that women are inherently more benevolent and caring than men, and even as heralding the long-awaited appearance of a force large enough to form a major peace movement. Of course, many in the peace movement and the feminist community disagree with this essentialist position. Yet left, right and center, the words "gender gap" have tapped deep wellsprings of belief and hope about the potentially beneficent influence of women on the polity.

For the believers and the hopeful, history provides the desired proof that the recent gender gap is not a fluke. Their *locus classicus* is generally the international peace movement of 1915, in which feminists joined with antimilitarists in trying, unsuccessfully, to halt the march to war. Predictably, this period is well represented in a new anthology of women's statements and artwork on peace and war, *My Country Is the Whole World*, put together by a collective in Cambridge, England. A leitmotif of that era was that women, as the disenfranchised, "stand a little outside, quite outside of politics and of commercialism, which are really the causes of war; and women have been able in this terrible time to get a perspective on the situation which men have not been able to acquire." So wrote the American teacher and writer May Wright Sewall in 1915, and the theory has lived on. Virginia Woolf's *Three Guineas*, first published in 1938, provides the quotation from which the title of this collection comes:

> "Therefore if you insist upon fighting to protect me, or 'our' country, let it be understood, soberly and rationally between us, that you are fighting to gratify a sex instinct which I cannot share; to procure benefits which I have not shared and probably will not share; but not to gratify my instincts, or to protect either myself or my country. For," the outsider will say, "in fact, as a woman, I have no country. As a woman I want no country. As a woman my country is the whole world."

The image of woman as outsider, the observer of nations, at worst a victim of their wars and economies and at best free of their ideologies, is magnetic, seductive and misleading. There is some truth in this picture but also some disingenuousness, even bad faith: the economic benefits which an Englishwoman like Woolf procured from Britain's wars and conquests might not have been as great as those available to an Englishman, but that doesn't mean they didn't exist—as colonized Africans and Asians knew full well. Anarchist Emma Goldman, deported from America in 1919 for antidraft activities and later welcome in few countries, makes other outsiders look like insiders, and her polemical, overstated theory of female collaboration in male behavior, included in this anthology, provides a needed counterweight to Woolf's overquoted remarks:

> Always on the side of the under dog, I resented my sex's placing every evil at the door of the male. I pointed out that if he were really as great a sinner as he was being painted by the ladies, woman shared the responsibility with him. The mother is the first influence in his life, the first to cultivate his conceit and self-importance. Sisters and wives follow in the mother's footsteps, not to mention mistresses, who complete the work begun by the mother.

As the diverse snippets in this volume show, the debate goes on. Kate Millett asserts in an excerpt from *Flying* that "as outsiders we're somehow fortunate in having the opportunity to do something not only very grand but very different." But sociologist Elise Boulding reminds us that women, along with their roles as nurturers and peacemakers, have also reared soldiers—rarely pacifists—and even fought on battlefields when necessary. As firmly consistent as Goldman is Dorothy Day, who observed in 1968 how many pennies from everywoman's pocket went to wage the Vietnam War.

Who can resolve this war of quotations? One might appeal to history to decide the extent of women's participation in, and profit from, war. But if one is after more than the martial exploits of Catherine the Great and other great women, then history as commonly written will provide scant assistance. Chronicles of World War II, for instance, influenced no doubt by the unexamined assumptions of men and women of that era, have tended to define the Resistance in terms of armed combat, thereby excluding or denigrating the role of women who served in other capacities. Writing women's history consequently involves much more than digging up some little-known

Karen Rosenberg's articles and reviews have appeared in Sojourner, The Village Voice, The New York Times Book Review, In These Times *and other publications.*

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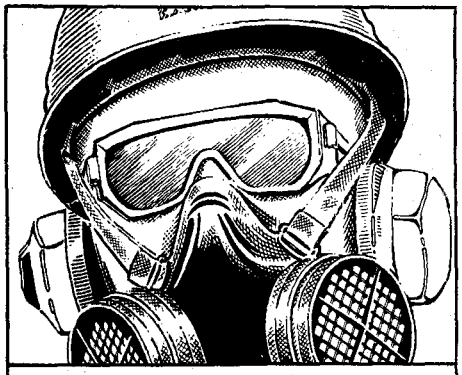

"How long can you wear that without feeling like you're inside of a clam shell filled with marshmallows?"

This complaint about the discomfort of protective clothing comes from one voice from the workplace quoted by Dorothy Nelkin and Michael S. Brown in WORKERS AT RISK.

In this arresting study of the physical and psychological hazards of working with chemicals, the authors do not use dry statistics or dispassionate surveys. They present the realities of the perceptions, feelings, and desires of workers.

Many express their worries about not being properly informed of dangers, about management caring only for profits, about company doctors caring only for companies.

The interviewees talk about how they cope. "The jitters go away," says one. Says another: "You never balance the wage against the risk; you balance the wage against the alternative. And the alternative is starving."

Nelkin and Brown believe that, in a society increasingly dependent on chemicals, "The voices of the workers, their identification of problems, their insights, and their views must be heard. They are critical to the creation of a more humane working environment."

Workers at Risk
Voices from the Workplace
DOROTHY NELKIN and MICHAEL S. BROWN
$20.00
University of CHICAGO Press

facts: it means redefining historical categories like war.

Among the scholars seeking to widen the scope of activity that deserves to be called resistance is Vera Laska, editor of another recent anthology. Herself a veteran of the underground in Hungary and Czechoslovakia, Laska is well aware of the various services women performed. In her moving reminiscences, in interviews she conducted with survivors and in long extracts she selected from recent books, she presents women as couriers between Jewish ghettos in Poland, as guides to safe havens, as code clerks for the Resistance. Sheltering Jewish children (described in the documentary film on occupied Belgium, *As If It Were Yesterday*) or cooking and sewing for those in hiding were traditional female activities made dangerous by wartime. If discovered, these women faced imprisonment and even torture; for the Nazis, at least, there was no question that the definition of resistance was wide and embraced the female sphere.

One of the women's best protections was, in fact, sexism—the belief that Marie-Madeleine Fourcade was simply incapable of leading a major French resistance alliance or that no modestly dressed young woman would have contraband in her shopping basket. For that reason, Laska notes in her preface, women "often were able to carry out missions that men could not. In addition to normal resistance activities, they could use as a cover for their clandestine missions the traditional images of females as innocent bystanders on the stage of such 'male affairs' like politics or international intrigue."

Since the days of Rosie the Riveter, many Americans have known that war can provide new opportunities for women to move away from hearth and home. We now recognize women's empowerment through paid labor in the work force during World War II, but what about their wartime development outside factory walls? A new documentary about the Lincoln Brigade, *The Good Fight*, brought this possibility home to me: jaunty Evelyn Hutchins, who managed, with humor and guts, to cross the gender line and become an ambulance driver, clearly loved the machine she drove and valued the mobility, status and sense of usefulness it brought her.

Laska, now a professor of history at Regis College, is not as interested as some other scholars in the sense of liberation which wartime work could bring women, but that theme nevertheless crops up in the narratives she's collected. Andrée de Jongh—code name Dédée—who set up the Comet Line in Belgium, which led hundreds of Allied airmen out of Nazi-occupied territory, is described by her biographer, Airey Neave, as a determined and independent young women who made her own decisions. Faced with a tiring, tedious, unglamorous struggle, Dédée is nevertheless said to have run an "informal, even high-spirited escape line." Such "youthful, but nonetheless effective methods were difficult for a previous generation to understand."

World War II gave some women another release: a socially acceptable context for expressing rage which in peaceful days might well be considered unfeminine. "I looked into my heart," confessed Marie-Madeleine Fourcade, "[and] my hostility remained undiminished and I boiled with a desire for revenge." In the concentration camps anger was a source of strength for some. "Hate 'them,' it gives you moral support," a Slovak girl, seasoned by Auschwitz, advised newcomer Laska, who learned to agree. The same medicine worked for a French political prisoner who wrote, "The fact that I survived Ravensbrück I owe first—and most definitely—to chance, then to anger and the motivation to reveal the crimes I had witnessed, and finally to a union of friendship, since I had lost the instinctive and physical desire to live."

Yet there was a group of women to whom war presented the chance of a lifetime to play out sadistic fantasies; the hundreds of female guards at concentration camps cannot, I think, be written off as mere exceptions to the definition of woman as nurturer and peacemaker. Laska's anthology should be required reading for users of the term "gender gap," for it implicitly poses the dark, Dostoyevskian question: How many pretty girls of nineteen, when given the opportunity, would stand like maid-turned-S.S. chief Dorothea Binz and watch floggings with her lover, sometimes turning to him for a passionate embrace? The studded boots of Hermine Braunsteiner Ryan trampled women to death, earning her the nickname Mare; the Blonde Angel of Hell, Irma Grese, opened women's breasts with her whip and drooled during the subsequent medical operations on her victims; nurse Gerda Quernheim

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drowned babies in buckets of water. The memories of Vera Kersovan about a prison factory near the Gross-Rosen camp bear repeating:

> Here at Zillerthal we had female SS guards. I find it painful to say but these women were often more rude, cruel and sadistic than men. They were uneducated women, often from the gutter, who were given a uniform, a gun, and limitless power over other human beings, yet told that we were not quite human beings. Slaps in the face and kicks landing all over our bodies were still raining on us in great profusion. It was in this labor camp that we were given a couple of tooth brushes to scrub the floors of our barracks, and the SS women were standing over us laughing whenever we got splinters under our nails.

Any movement or theory which denies or discounts this past and its possible recurrence under certain circumstances puts its credibility in serious jeopardy. For female carriers of an ideology of domesticity are not necessarily immune to appeals to racial or class hatred.

In fact, the Nazi experience warns us that a mother's desire to protect her young can be mobilized to serve the cause of war as well as of peace. What modern conflict is not billed as a defensive one—weren't Germans assured that they were fighting incursions of Jewish Marxists who sought to undermine the family as well as the Reich? Surely it was as much out of concern for their families as for themselves that many women living under Nazi rule chose not to resist but to remain silent. Those who saw the smokestacks of the camps and smelled burning flesh should not be afforded the comfortable refuge of the word "outsider." In *My Country Is the Whole World*, former Auschwitz prisoner Fania Fénelon remembers Polish matrons who turned their heads when inmates in unmistakable striped clothes walked through town. What these women could have done is not an easy question, but to claim that they were entirely impotent is facile and inadequate.

That is clear from the case of Frau Stangl, discussed by British writer Jill Tweedie in a book called *In the Name of Love*, excerpted in *My Country Is the Whole World*. Fritz Stangl rose from Austrian policeman to commander of Treblinka, a camp in Poland, where he supervised the gassing of about 900,000 men, women and children. What could his wife have done? When asked this question in 1971, she cried for over an hour before admitting: "I know what I am doing when I answer your question. I am answering it because I think I owe it to you, to others, to myself; I believe that if I had ever confronted Paul [her pet name for Stangl] with the alternatives: Treblinka or me; he would—yes, he would, in the final analysis, have chosen me." Recognition of her own, unutilized ability to induce her husband to leave his post brought with it awareness of her failed responsibility—small wonder her words came slowly. This incident suggests one reason why women have been loath to acknowledge their power, albeit limited: they might feel a lot guiltier, less like the virtuous nurturers they're supposed to be.

Cynthia Enloe's *Does Khaki Become You?* offers yet another explanation for the image of women as saintly outsider: armies have repeatedly defined themselves as masculine enclaves, where "Woman!" is an insult used to discipline young recruits. But, Enloe argues, "military politics never has been the all-male activity it is so typically imagined to be." Her study contributes to the demystification process by investigating how the military (primarily, but not exclusively, in the United States and Britain) has regulated the lives of women, especially prostitutes, nurses, defense workers and, increasingly, soldiers.

The irony which Enloe repeatedly hits home is that armies have desperately needed women—to provide a pool of ready, cheap labor and to satisfy the perceived sexual requirements of men in service—while identifying themselves as quintessentially male institutions and building an ideology so traditionally masculine as to constitute a parody. The British organized military brothels in Tripoli in the early 1940s. In that same period, the U.S. government's Social Protection Division, headed by Eliot Ness, instructed local police officials to arrest women suspected of "sexual delinquency" and give them compulsory tests for venereal disease. According to Enloe, F.B.I. statistics between 1940 and 1944 show a 95 percent increase in the number of American women charged with morals violations. In 1944 in Seattle, for example, they were treated to four or five days in jail while they waited for the test results which, in over 80 percent of the cases, were negative.

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ALMOST A CHILD'S PRAYER

Early morning, unawares . . .
Before even the first whispers,
While the bowl is empty still,
This chaste pale space that no one shares.
No echo yet, no ache to feed it,
But very soon the early birds,
The vineyard-workers waiting for the minibus
In a light as white as curds.

Leave us this little dish of peace
Some little while before it sours,
For what is sweet
For what is quick and sweet in this
Beggars our treasury of tears.

MONDAY MORNING

Fire in a landscape burning before dawn,
Hot yellow voice remote against a mountain
Bitumen as the sky still is: us two
In the cold car, burning for words between us
On the high pass where we drive
In a tunnel we drill ourselves, through plated ice;
And the road is all unspoken
As I bring my son to school, fifty miles
This Monday morning, half-past five.

And the road is all unspoken,
We motor it into being,
And only the one fire burning in a landscape
Lets it seem that someone else may share
This five o'clock of cold, and fear.

But a new day fidgets as I stop the car,
Unload his shoulderbag in an empty square
And watch him disappear, into a doorway.
A stinting, winter's day, chill and thin.

Unspoken road, receive him!

ELEGY

As from a sickroom, voices
Beyond beyond the walls, calling,
Shadows of shadows of shadows
Calling unanswered deep along the corridors,
And a bruise is in the room, and boughs
Gritting and drifting across the misted windows
As the rain comes decembering down,

So you, penumbral being,
Here in my sleepy head, falling, falling,
Almost recalling you,
(And the feel of leaves, and the wet feet in winter,
Almost), small ghost indeed,
Almost lost, almost found,
O, preserve your place in sleep

Even until the fugue on four trombones,
That sombre team, black on gold,
At the last of evening, on the last of evenings,
And look, their bright hoofs barely bruise the mould . . .

This slow music have I made for you,
You and you only, child who will never know.

Patrick Creagh

On the battlefield, too, women have been used and rendered invisible, charges Enloe. While officially called noncombatants, they have been under fire in British anti-aircraft crews in World War II and as military nurses in the recent Falklands conflict. Why haven't their presence at the front and their abilities in combat situations been widely publicized? Even more to the point, why hasn't the tenuous distinction between combat and noncombat and between front and rear been subject to widespread public scrutiny? Because, Enloe argues, such discussions would threaten the sexual division of labor which military establishments not only defend but exploit. In this cosmology, she writes, "women are the symbols of the hearths and homes the armed forces claim to be defending." In other words, wherever they are is the rear, the home front. As for the man's place, "war is man's work," said Gen. Robert H. Barrow, Commandant of the Marines, and the male "wants to think that he's fighting for that woman somewhere behind, not up there in the same fox hole with him." We're back to woman as the peaceful outsider.

What's more, Enloe notes, revolutions probably won't change such definitions of gender unless revolutions themselves are changed. Women in the F.L.N. in Algeria, for example, often performed traditional female activities such as relaying information and supplying food and shelter. "Liberation armies are *not* automatically non-sexist, merely because they are non-statist, decentralised and reliant on women," she points out. Women's combat role in such armies, though celebrated in posters showing guerrilla women holding rifles and babies, has generally been a temporary, emergency measure—and that helps explain why Third World women have so often put down the rifle and kept the baby after the revolution. "Where," Enloe astutely asks, "is the picture of the *male* guerrilla holding the rifle and baby?"

But while fighting such gender stereotypes, Enloe, like some other feminists, also serves them, declaring (on the basis of what evidence?) that women, unlike men, get no esthetic pleasure or status gratification from talking about sophisticated weaponry or military strategy, and that the military-industrial complex in Britain and the United States is an all-male network. She implicitly accepts the existence of something called "maleness" when she gives credence to

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the theory that "violence against women by men is so pervasive, across so many historical eras and cultural differences, that it seems only explicable by reference to something intrinsic to men *as* men, some fear, some insecurity or aggressiveness which also inclines men to sustain formal institutions—military forces—which embody and legitimise those violent attitudes and behaviours." Man as aggressor is the flip side of woman as nurturer—the complementary essentialist position. But the ideology of masculinity is large enough to accommodate female adherents, and some women have been flexible enough to adapt to military mores, as is illustrated by a powerful scene in the documentary *Soldier Girls* in which a group of female privates in basic training in Georgia run in formation toward the camera, repeating a sergeant's chant about killing, plundering, burning and *raping* Iranians.

Who are those young women in khaki? Faced with dead-end civilian jobs, hungry for the respect that much of America still grants to those who wear uniforms, eager to prove they can make it, the girls in *Soldier Girls* have joined an organization which looks for all the world like a religious cult. Remarkably, two of them resist tried-and-true methods of intimidation and indoctrination with persistent smirks and recalcitrant silence until they win their release from the Army. A third, who learns to shout abuse as well as the female sergeant, is promoted to an elite airborne division. According to Enloe, the military's recruitment of such female soldiers is not a feminist victory but a sign of the increased militarization of women's lives. Rather than an either/or, perhaps it's both. Before we reach the utopia of no army at all, would she rather we have an all-male army?

Freedom for women means their ability to choose direct participation in tasks we may find abhorrent, morally or politically. In all probability, some of those much-vaunted little girls with calculators will grow up into employees of defense contractors, especially if they learn to go for the money like so many of their brothers. Their alternatives depend on our ability to create more well-compensated, socially useful jobs with all the prestige and glamour commonly accorded to stripes and epaulets.

To accomplish those goals, it will be necessary to relinquish cherished beliefs about female innocence. Any peace movement which does not recognize the many appeals which war has held for women in the past may well fail to counter its attraction in the future. Conceptions of woman as nurturer, peacemaker, outsider or powerless victim of an all-male military-industrial complex obscure the history of women's complicity in violence. That such ideas live on even within the feminist community is understandable—ideology is slow to change. Furthermore, myths of superiority have often compensated for inferior status, and despite some gains and much talk in recent years, that is still the position of women, worldwide. □

An Artful Eraser

LEWIS HYDE

WALT WHITMAN: The Making of the Poet. *By Paul Zweig. Basic Books. 372 pp. $18.95.*

Was Walt Whitman an intensely guarded and private person, or a self-revealing, public one? Paul Zweig's account of Whitman's most productive years (1847 to 1862, the poet's late 20s to early 40s) makes it clear how difficult it is to answer such a question. Even in the seclusion of his journals, Whitman writes in the orotund cadences of public speech: "Be simple and clear.—Be not occult. Never speak of the soul as anything but intrinsically great. . . . The truths I tell to you . . . may not be plain," and so forth. Visiting Boston, he writes to a friend, "I create an immense sensation in Washington Street. Everybody here is so like everybody else—and I am Walt Whitman!—Yankee curiosity . . . for once, is thoroughly stumped." The man not only struts on a public thoroughfare, he struts in a private letter.

Yet reading the poems we often hear another voice behind the public one, the voice of a man so guarded that he can tell us about himself only through "faint clues and indirections." One of Whitman's journal entries is justly famous because it is almost the only time we hear the private man muttering to himself. In the summer of 1870 Whitman fell in love with a young man named Peter Doyle; in his journal he admitted that the affair left him "deluded," "cheated," "weak." After writing this entry, however, Whitman went to considerable lengths to disguise it. He not only tore out part of the page and referred to Doyle as "she," he replaced his friend's initials with the numbers of their rank in the alphabet—"P" and "D" became "16" and "4." One scholar who has studied the original journal tells us that beneath the ciphers we can still make out the nearly erased letters.

We have here a *secretive person*, a man embarrassed by his own neediness and perturbation. He would rather have been the "superb, calm character" which the same journal entry quickly moves on to describe, someone "complete in himself irrespective . . . of whether his love [and] friendship . . . are returned." Out on the street, in his poems, or alone with a lover, Whitman would rather have been "Merlin, strong & wise & beautiful at 100 years old."

Once, after hearing a lecture by Allen Ginsberg on "prophetic poetry," an earnest young man asked the poet's advice on how to become a prophet. Ginsberg leaned forward and told him: "Tell your secrets!" In Whitman's greatest poems we do hear a "superb, calm character," but we also hear a man telling secrets. "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry" (1856), for example, ends with a self that claims to have transcended the particularities of time and place, sex and family; but in the middle sections of that poem is another self that has transcended nothing, a doubting, gloomy, inarticulate, young and lonely homosexual. As Zweig tells us, although Whitman dreamed of "a personality large enough to inhabit the American landscape," he was nonetheless faithful to "the victimized boy" who appeared in his early, sentimental fiction.

Whitman's great poems mix the perfect voice of Merlin with the imperfect voice of his obsessions and doubt. In a backhanded way, his affirmations tell us of his worries. Only a man who feels some revulsion would insist that he is "as delicate around the bowels as around the head and heart." Only a man who associates love with death would declare "copulation . . . no more rank to me than death." A man

Lewis Hyde's most recent book is The Gift: Imagination and the Erotic Life of Property *(Random House).*

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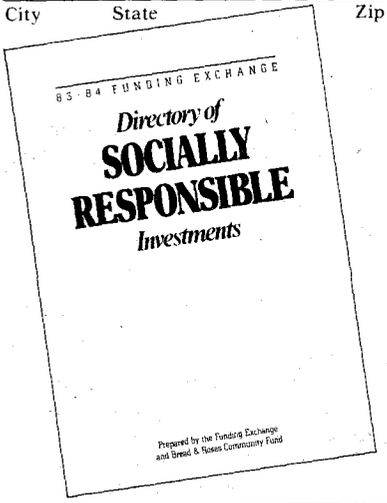

whose imagination dwells on the "sour dead" and "distemper'd corpses" in the graveyard is not at ease with death, despite his claims to the contrary.

"I am solid and sound . . . deathless . . . august," says "Song of Myself" (1855), but behind the godlike assertions, the half-erased text gives a counterpoint. I am preoccupied with purification because I feel polluted, the voice seems to say. I am scared of death. I am fascinated by my own body. I daydream of sleeping with men. I refuse to give up my obsession. I masturbate. It's disgusting, but sometimes I think it puts me in touch with the cosmos. I wish I'd had a wise and accomplished father. Almost every member of my family is nuts. They'd try the patience of Christ. I refuse to abandon them. I wish I were Christ.

This is not at all what "Song of Myself" says, of course. Whitman may have been the first American poet to write "I confess myself," but he is no confessional poet. The side of Whitman which was intensely private was also artful. Whitman's eraser is a craftsman's eraser.

But, as I say, he only half erases, and that too is a part of his art, for it allows Whitman to preserve the double voice that Zweig calls his "twoness." It is when Whitman mixes the archetypes with the ordinary, his Merlin with his lonely boy, a bardic voice with private grief, that the poetry comes to life. When he fully erases the private side of these dichotomies, as in late patriotic pieces like "Thou Mother with Thy Equal Brood" (1872), the poems go flat. They lose the middle ground where success and failure mix, and where most of us lead our lives.

In relationships, Whitman seems to have prized the same "indirection" that marks his poetry. Zweig recounts an instructive anecdote in this regard. In a conversation with a friend, Whitman once announced that he took the story of Cupid and Psyche to mean that "the ardent expression, in words, of affection often tends to destroy affection." He is referring to the ancient tale in which Psyche, after nights of anonymous love, lights a lamp to see her lover. The lamp spills its hot oil on Cupid, and he flees. "Knowing him, she loses him," says Zweig.

What neither Zweig nor Whitman says is that the tale doesn't end with Cupid's flight. Through a series of difficult tasks—descending into the underworld, sorting a jumbled pile of seeds, and so forth—Psyche is reunited with her lover. She moves from an anonymous intimacy to a conscious one. Direct expression need not destroy affection; it may, in the end, deepen it.

From Whitman's truncated version of the story we may infer, however, that he shied away from the work that occupies the middle ground of life. His urge to leap from private confusion to public perfection was very strong; he was always in danger, therefore, of resolving the tension of his "twoness" through the full erasure of his secrets. At a certain point—Zweig places it around 1862, after the third edition of *Leaves of Grass*—the tension disappears. "Often the self of these poems is not a developing character but a didactic voice with nothing to learn, only a deadening, repetitive wisdom."

Zweig speaks of "Song of Myself" as "probably the finest enactment in all literature of the adventure of selfmaking." If Whitman's poetry lost intensity after 1862, it is partly because his reticence overcame his willingness to reveal himself, but it is also because his epic succeeded. Through the writing of *Leaves of Grass*, he overcame his fear and doubt; his lonely boy grew up. Moreover, he could never have created his epic had he not undertaken the tasks which occupy the middle ground. "Song of Myself" includes what Whitman deleted from Cupid and Psyche: both "ardent expression" and the sorting of the seeds—clarification, ordering, revision, in short, craft. "I will not be the cart," Whitman wrote, "nor the load on the cart, nor the horses that draw the cart; but I will be the little hands that guide the cart."

The voice of the first edition of *Leaves of Grass* is commanding and original, and Zweig has undertaken to separate and describe the strands that went into its creation. His list is long. The hortatory tone of nineteenth-century journalism, the idealized mothers of sentimental novels, the country girl who becomes an opera star in a tale by George Sand, the gold beetles and dog-headed men of Abbott's Egyptian Museum on Broadway, a phrenologist's chart of bumps, the technical language of blacksmiths and oculists and carpenters—the omnivorous Whitman devoured it all, and all of it left its mark on his work.

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Zweig's account of Whitman's interest in the opera is particularly instructive. He shows, for example, how an 1847 newspaper review of an opera becomes a meditation in an 1850s notebook which, in turn, becomes the "train'd soprano" passage in "Song of Myself." More than that, Zweig tells us, it was at the opera that Whitman realized "how language and the inspired voice could overleap the distance between selves in their isolation." Whitman took from the theater the image of the actor whose role is authenticated by the attention of the crowd, and he applied that image to the relationship between a poet and his audience. Later, he extended the conceit to politics: as the great actor draws a unified response from the separate selves of a theater audience, so individuals in a democracy find their harmony through the voice of the poet.

I have only a few reservations about Zweig's book. Sometimes I wished he had allowed himself to bring a fuller range of ideas to his work. In *The Heresy of Self-Love*, Zweig suggested that Whitman's ideology of self-creation may also be found in second-century gnosticism. In what sense, then, is "Song of Myself" a nineteenth-century poem? Should we connect its ambitions with capitalist individualism, with gnostic purification, or a little of both? At one point Zweig asks to be "forgiven a speculative note." I wish he had presumed more on our forgiveness. Whitman's erasures call for speculation, but too often Zweig binds himself to the cautious decorum of traditional biography, as with his silly hedging over Whitman's love affairs: "Whitman's sexual life is still a mystery. Was he homosexual?"

Still, Zweig's *Whitman* is certainly among the best work we have on the poet. To begin with, he has cunningly addressed himself to only a fifth of the man's seventy-three years, a difficult but rewarding limitation: difficult because we know little about Whitman during those years—of more than 2,700 of his letters now in print, less than twenty predate 1862; rewarding because these are the years of Whitman's self-making, when he converted himself from a run-of-the-mill journalist to a poet.

Moreover, Zweig has put the creation of the work at the center of his story. There are two kinds of biography, one which dwells on the outer facts of a life

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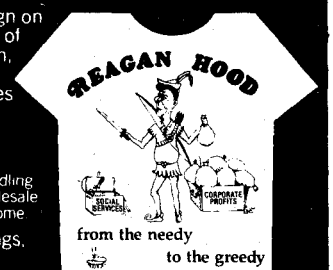

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and one which seeks to reveal the intellectual or spiritual events behind them. Too many recent biographies of poets have suffered for their inability to chart this latter, inner world. John Haffenden, for example, produced a competent compendium of the events of John Berryman's life, but he failed to re-create the ideas and beliefs that made those events the life of a poet. When Berryman spends a year in England, we are given no sense of how his studies influenced his mind, but when he goes to India, we are allowed to learn that he wet his bed.

Thankfully, Paul Zweig has not settled for a life of the body. By subordinating the events surrounding Whitman's creation to the spirit of that creation, he has brought his poet back to life. □

FILMS.

KATHA POLLITT

The Good Fight

Of all the movies I've seen while reviewing films for *The Nation*, *The Good Fight*, an independently produced documentary about the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, is the one you should be sure not to miss. Informative but not ponderous, technically skilled but not slick, heart-stirring but not maudlin, *The Good Fight* is a triumph for the school of political filmmaking that brought us *Union Maids*, *Seeing Red*, *Atomic Café* and *Wasn't That a Time?*

Producers Noel Buckner, Mary Dore and Sam Sills have scoured archives and private collections for unusual footage, stills, radio broadcasts, songs, documents, newsreels and clips from old movies to make a fascinating collage about the Spanish Civil War and the 3,200 Americans who fought for the Loyalists, in the Lincoln Brigade. What makes the movie special, though, are the interviews with eleven brigade veterans. Those men and women, now in their 60s and beyond, are so full of vitality and idealism that despite the grimness of the story they tell, one comes out of the theater uplifted.

"There was a feeling of wanting to come to grips and not being able to," says Abe Osheroff of the rise of fascism in the 1930s. Fighting in Spain was a chance to do something about it, and perhaps it is the satisfaction of having done their bit that gives many of the vets' reminiscences a warm, almost jovial cast. That and the fact that despite battle fatigue, filth, bad food and the gruesome deaths of friends (half the brigade was killed), Spain was, after all, the veterans' youth. Milt Wolff, at 23(!) the brigade's commander, was not the only vet who had to lie to his mother about what he was doing in Europe. Seaman Bill Bailey, a magnificent raconteur (as in *Seeing Red*, he comes close to stealing the show), gives a hilarious account of how he and "Lowlife McCormick, a wonderful guy" boarded the German ship Bremen during a 1935 anti-Nazi demonstration and tore down its swastika. Evelyn Hutchins sparkles with quiet glee as she recalls arguing the male brigade organizers into allowing her to serve as the only female ambulance driver ("If you won't let me go you're just a chauvinist, I told them—a male chauvinist!"). Ed Balchowsky, who lost an arm in combat, enthusiastically bangs out left-hand piano accompaniments as he sings the bawdy ditties with which the soldiers twitted visiting Communist Party bureaucrats.

The political optimism of the vets, all of whom have remained committed leftists, seems particularly poignant when contrasted with the bitter reality of the Loyalist defeat. That the Lincoln Brigade was the first fully integrated military unit in American history (the two blacks interviewed movingly testify that in Spain they felt treated as equals for the first time) may be small potatoes, historically speaking, considering that the Spanish Civil War was the moment when Hitler and Mussolini could have been stopped and weren't. Yet only Osheroff wonders if the real significance of the Loyalist defeat was as a metaphor for the human condition: "Is it possible to win the good fight?"

A New Left homage to the old left, *The Good Fight* captures what was best about the Reds of the 1930s—their courage, practicality and sense of connectedness with what Bailey calls "class brothers" all over the world. For me, the most moving footage, because the most distant from anything imaginable in America today, was the newsreel showing ships in New York harbor being loaded with privately purchased supplies for the Loyalists: the ambulances proudly labeled "From the People of the Lower East Side" and "From the Workers of West Virginia." Because of its evident respect and sympathy for

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the vets, the movie will doubtless be faulted (as it already has been by David Denby in *New York*) for failing to attack Stalin and for allowing party members like Steve Nelson to come across as mensches.

That seems a bit churlish to me. If Stalin could have done more for the Loyalists, how much more culpable was Roosevelt, who did nothing? It was our government, not the Evil Empire, that embargoed arms shipments to Spain while allowing corporations to sell fuel to Franco ("on credit, no less," as Milt Wolff points out) and that threatened Americans who fought in Spain with loss of citizenship. If anyone prevented the Loyalist defeat from being an entirely black mark in American history, it was the Lincoln Brigaders, who had as much influence on Soviet military decisions as G.I.s in World War II had on the decision to firebomb Dresden or drop the bomb on Hiroshima. I fail to see why they should be expected to chant *mea culpa* for those decisions today in front of audiences of Yuppies.

At the end of *The Good Fight*, the vets are shown marching behind their banner in the 1981 march on Washington protesting U.S. intervention in El Salvador. A young man comes up to one vet and says, "I hope my generation has the same courage as yours." "Don't worry," the vet answers cheerfully, "you'll get it." I came out of the theater thinking, My generation should be so lucky. □

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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2003

R	O	M	E	W	A	S	N	T	■	B	U	I	L	T
A	■	E	■	A	■	■	A	■	E	■	N	■	U	
T	R	A	N	S	I	T	■	R	E	A	L	T	O	R
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R	E	F	U	G	E	E	S	■	G	R	E	E	C	E
E	■	■	■	T	■	D	■	P	■	O	■	■	■	R
H	O	T	D	O	G	■	D	I	S	P	U	T	E	S
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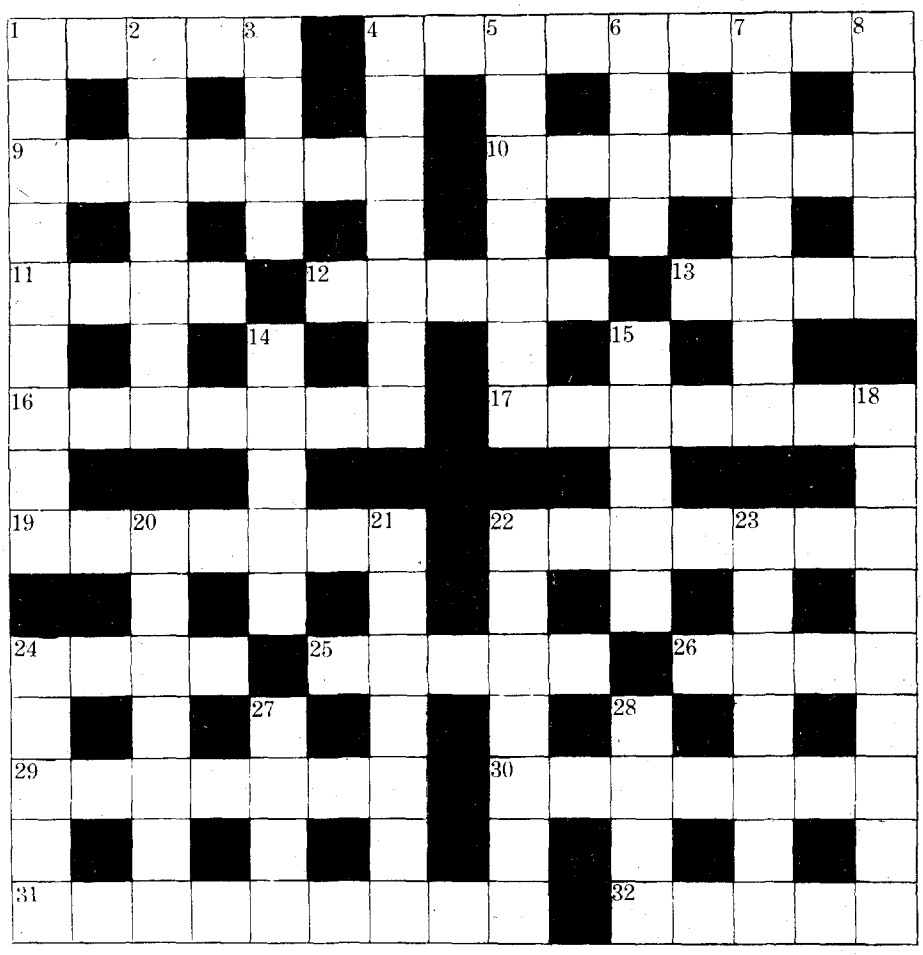
Crossword Puzzle No. 2004

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 What a diseased one coming back used to do? (Let's hope we're more enlightened now.) (5)
4 and 13 Just one out of many found on tails. (1,8,4)
9 Margaret, like you and me, was a legendary highflier. (7)
10 Right in or not, it's what worms do! (7)
11 Sounds like an Indian peasant causes a disturbance of the peace. (4)
12 The capital of Kentucky seen on return might suggest a couple of low joints. (5)
13 See 4 across
16 Sensing trouble, Holmes said to tear down one of these. (7)
17 Transversely corded fabric with a more netlike material—change one for the other. (7)
19 Ray might serve a bean salad in addition. (7)
22 Precise forms of instruction. (7)
24 Sounds like something associated with 6, but they used it for a stretch. (4)
25 People might be quite put out if someone does. (5)
26 So-called because you have to do it before play. (4)
29 Cuts sticks. (7)
30 Doing the twist is (or is not) doing the twist! (7)
31 A perfect picture of sunlight in the doorway! (9)
32 Blake's burner. (5)

DOWN

1 Cubs might grow into them. (9)
2 Sow, perhaps, over the years? It's for the birds! (7)
3 and 21 The offense of J.S. Steele may determine it. (4,7)
4 Such old people have but three directions—they certainly don't make good sense in two points! (7)
5 Not high-class garb, but one might have to shift into it. (3,4)
6 The old city comes up in disrepair, obviously. (4)
7 Flower, and a big one, possibly! (7)
8 Perhaps used for cooking vegetables and chopped meats. (5)
14 Possibly eager to say yes. (5)
15 A step taken with speed. (5)
18 One from Boston, perhaps, might have a point with a more severe following. (9)
20 The world body comes up with the obvious—such power is dangerous! (7)
21 See 3
22 A detailed account of a musical performance? (7)
23 Something done on the gridiron here and on the Cam in England. (It might be for the better.) (7)
24 Fix your tire? (Make a short review of it, at least.) (5)
27 Done—more than this? (4)
28 Is such an order penned in the old-fashioned way? (4)

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